Issei Sagawa

MANGA SAGAWA

A shocking graphic nightmare
from the "Kobe Cannibal"

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Translated into English by Alexandre Bodécot.

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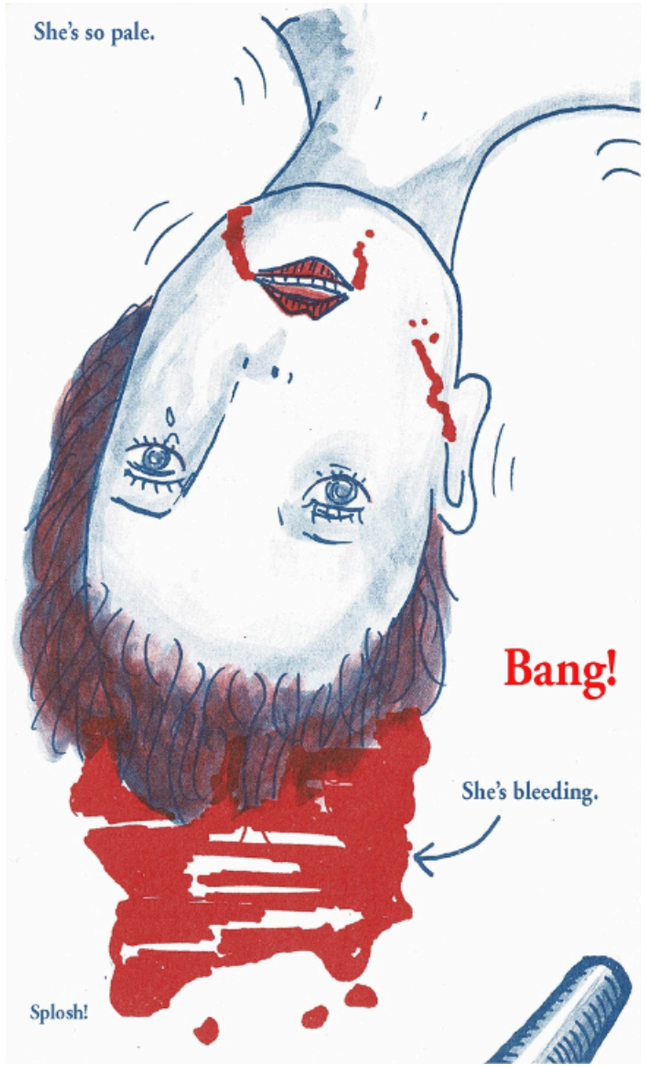
Warning!

Traditionally, manga stories are read from right to left and from top to bottom, in the same way as Japanese writing. For publishing reasons, the pages of this book are spread from front to back, like in any other English book, but each page must be read the japanese way, from right to left. So, to read a page of this manga, you must start with the writing

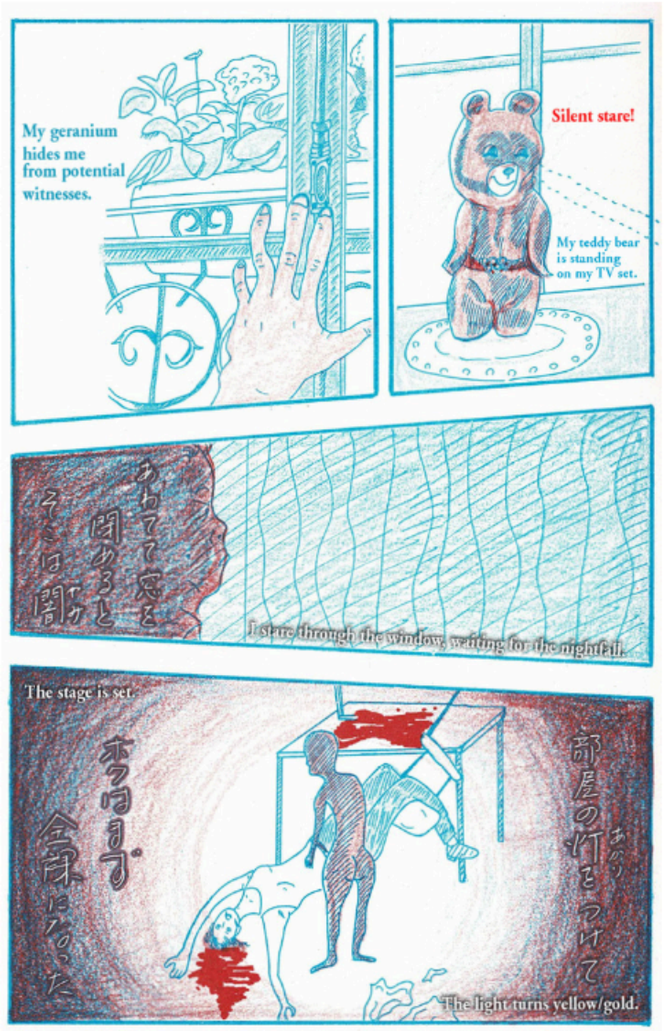
in the top right-hand corner and you end with the writing
in the bottom left-hand corner.

"This manga is about exotic food and world cuisine."

Issei Sagawa



コレが死か。。。
It is dead.


My geranium hides me from potential witnesses.
Silent stare!
My teddy bear is standing on my TV set.
I stare through the window, waiting for the nightfall.
The stage is set.
The light turns yellow/gold.

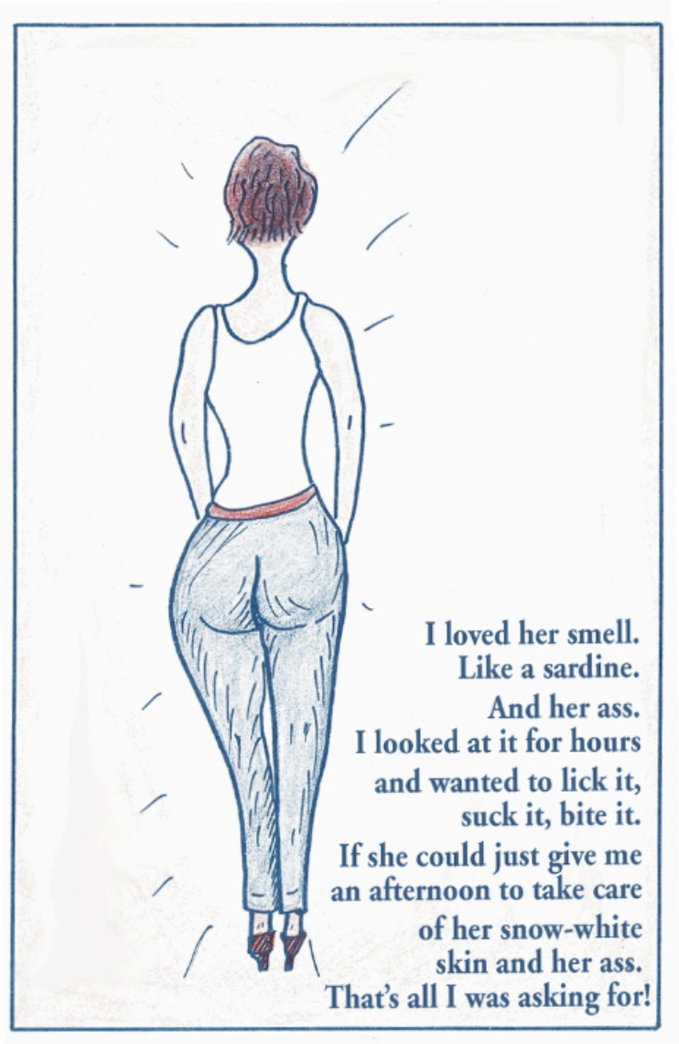
I removed her pants and her underwear!
I wanted her naked.
It was easy to undress her.
Except for the belt, it was jammed.
I was fascinated by her ass. I wanted to devour it.
Her corpse weighed a ton. I flipper her over.

Silky skin.
毛唐
白人
She is Caucasian. I like that.
はくじん
Cannibalism.
カニバリズム
金髪
Too hairy.
股間から
What's between her legs?
A tampon!
It's a bit of a bonerkill.

I have always been attracted
to white people.
The first one was Grace Kelly
in her film “High Noon”.
I admired her and desired her.
But I’m so ugly.

And now
I’m with Renée!

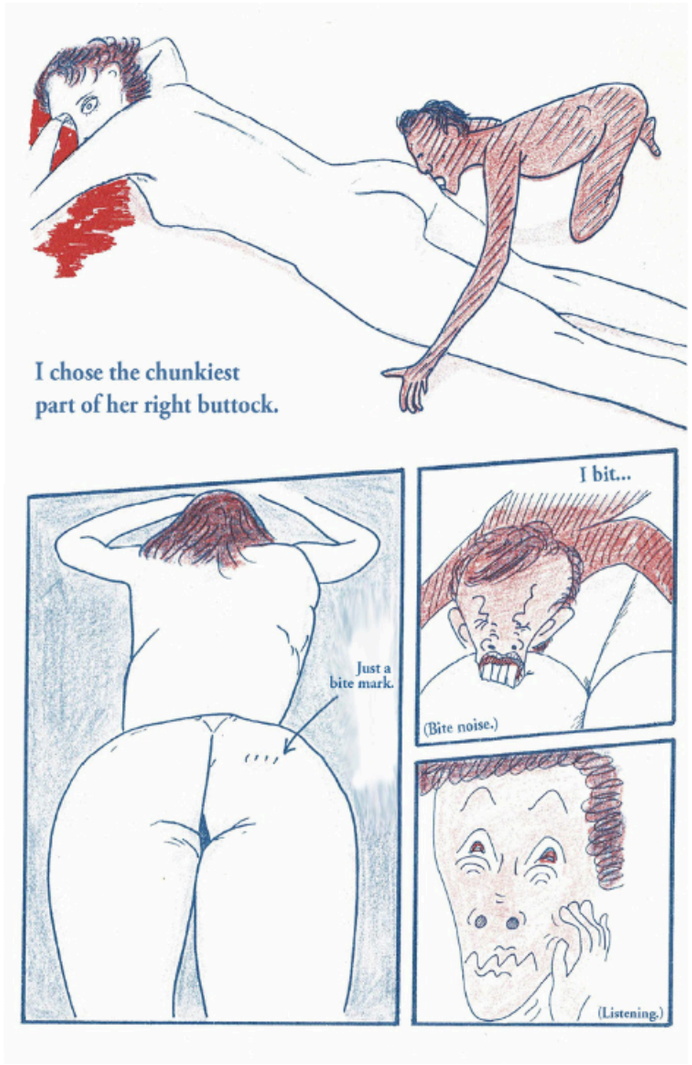
Renée was a Dutch student.
I was a Japanese exchange student.
I got along well with her,
I love white women.
And then I wanted to eat her.
I asked her to come to my house
to read poetry to me.
It was an excuse,
I had planned something else.

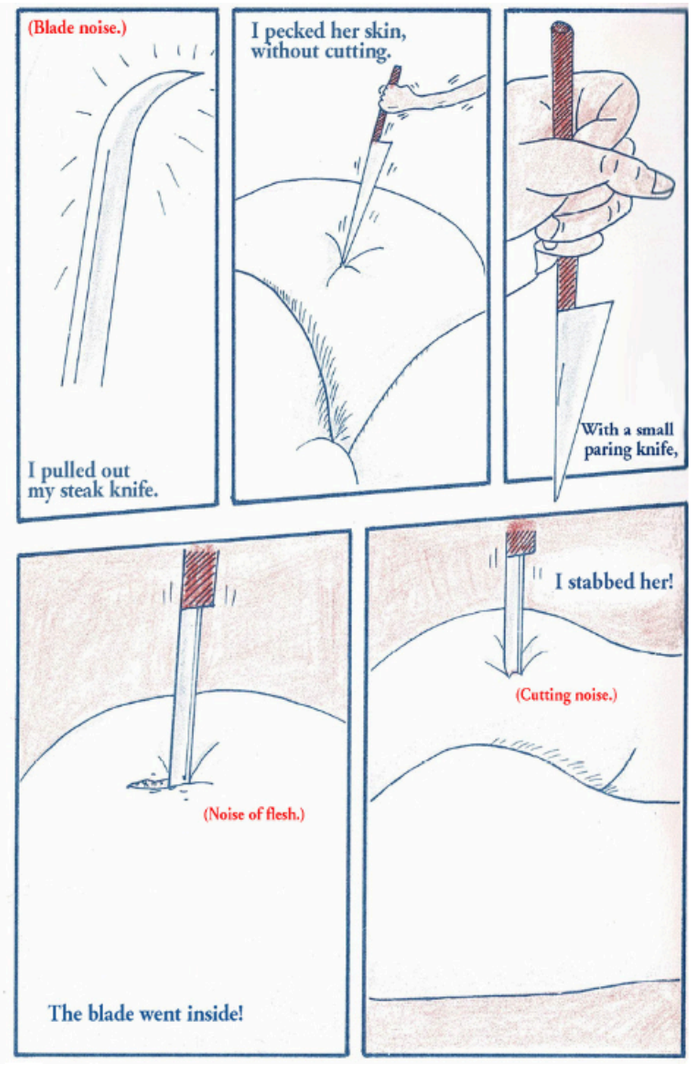

I loved her smell.
Like a sardine.
And her ass.
I looked at it for hours
and wanted to lick it,
suck it, bite it.
If she could just give me
an afternoon to take care
of her snow-white
skin and her ass.
That's all I was asking for!

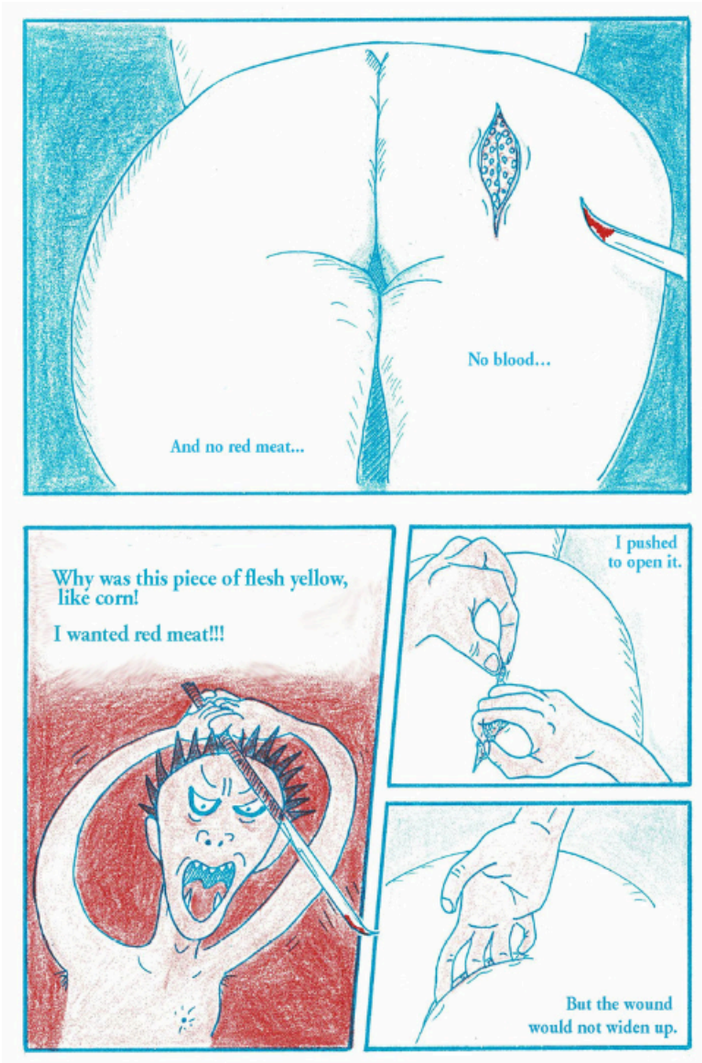
She immediately caught my eye.
Her tall size, long white neck, big breasts...
If I could have had a girlfriend
like that...
I met her in university.
I was captivated by her beauty.
Eat Renée!!
It had become
an obsession.
I started
fantasizing.

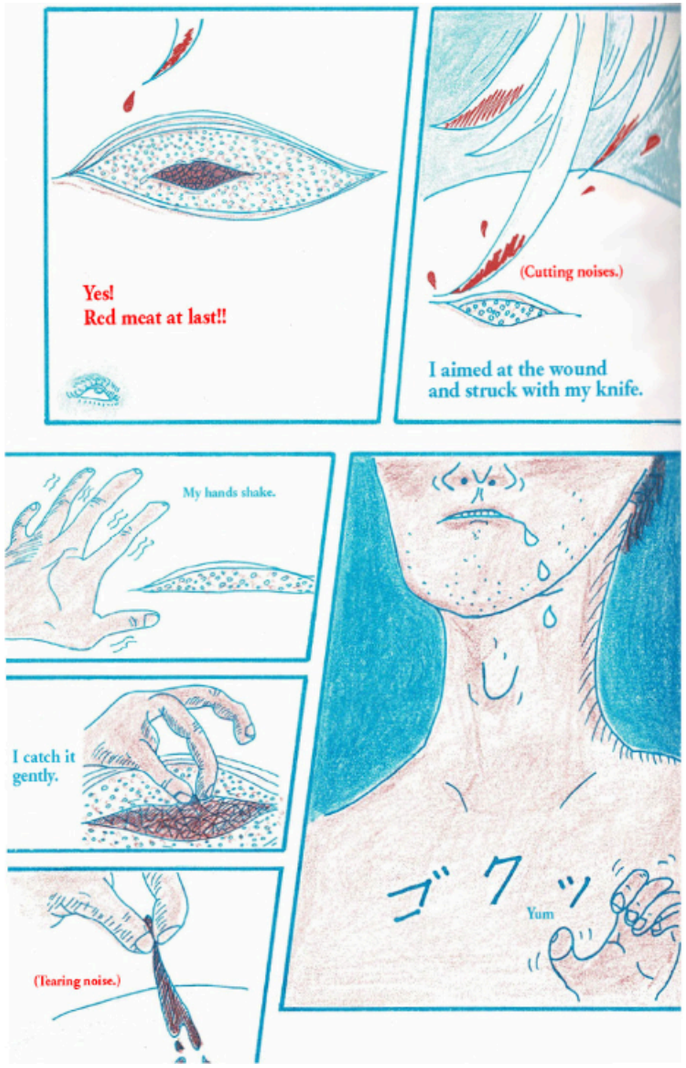
Don't mind
the smell!

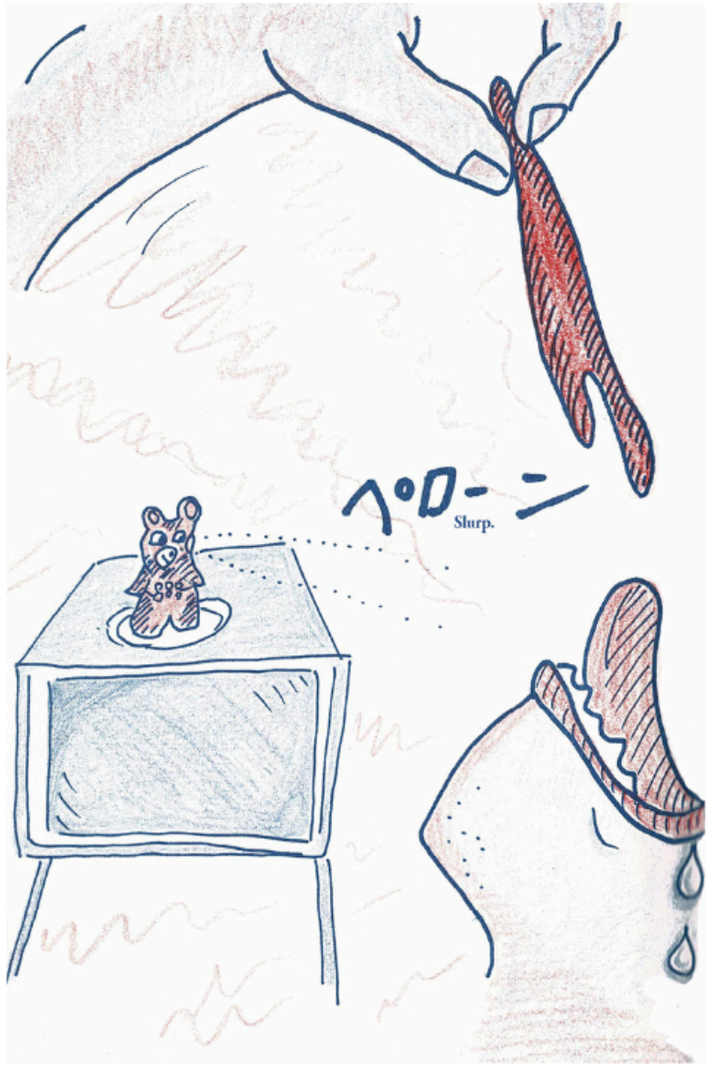
And she was there,
before me now.


I chose the chunkiest part of her right buttock.
Just a bite mark.
I bit...
(Bite noise.)
(Listening.)

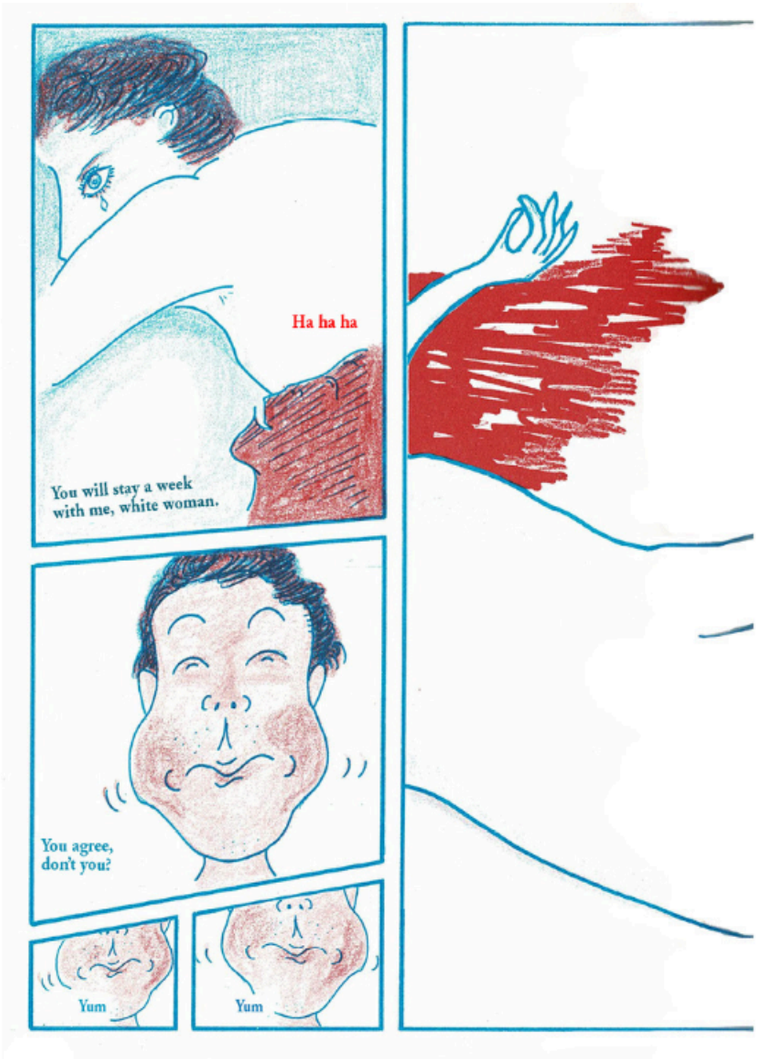

(Blade noise.)
I pulled out my steak knife.
I pecked her skin, without cutting.
With a small paring knife,
(Noise of flesh.)
The blade went inside!
I stabbed her!
(Cutting noise.)


No blood...
And no red meat...
Why was this piece of flesh yellow, like corn!
I wanted red meat!!!
I pushed to open it.
But the wound would not widen up.


Yes!
Red meat at last!!
(Cutting noises.)
I aimed at the wound and struck with my knife.
My hands shake.
I catch it gently.
(Tearing noise.)
ゴクッ
Yum

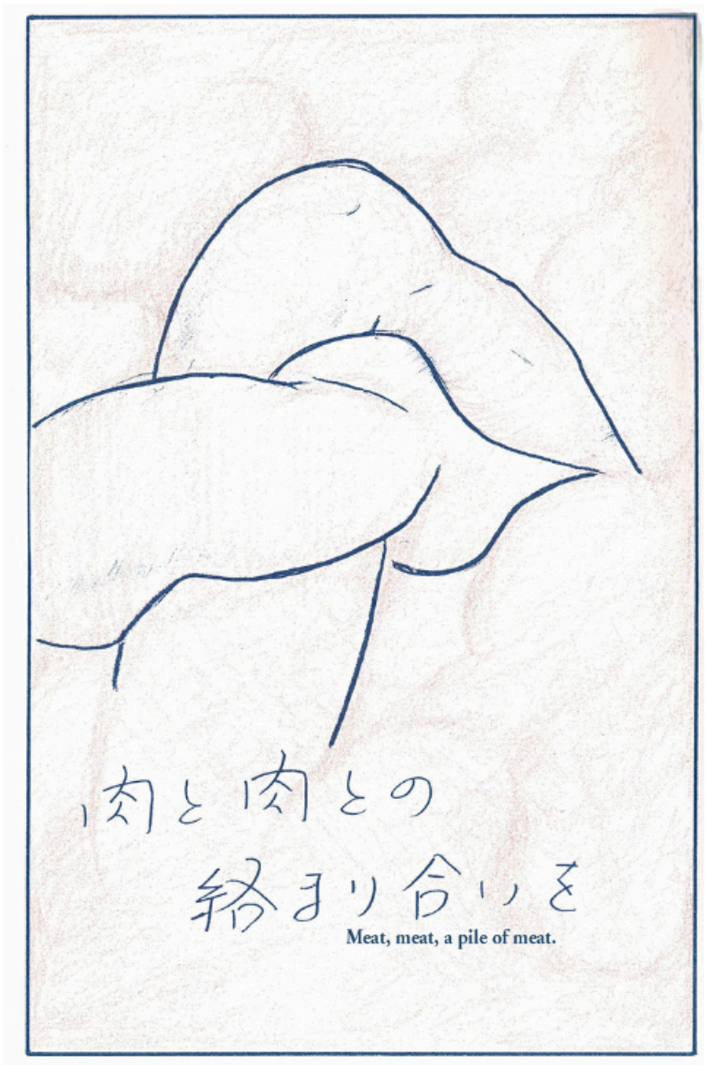

ペロ〜ン
Slurp.

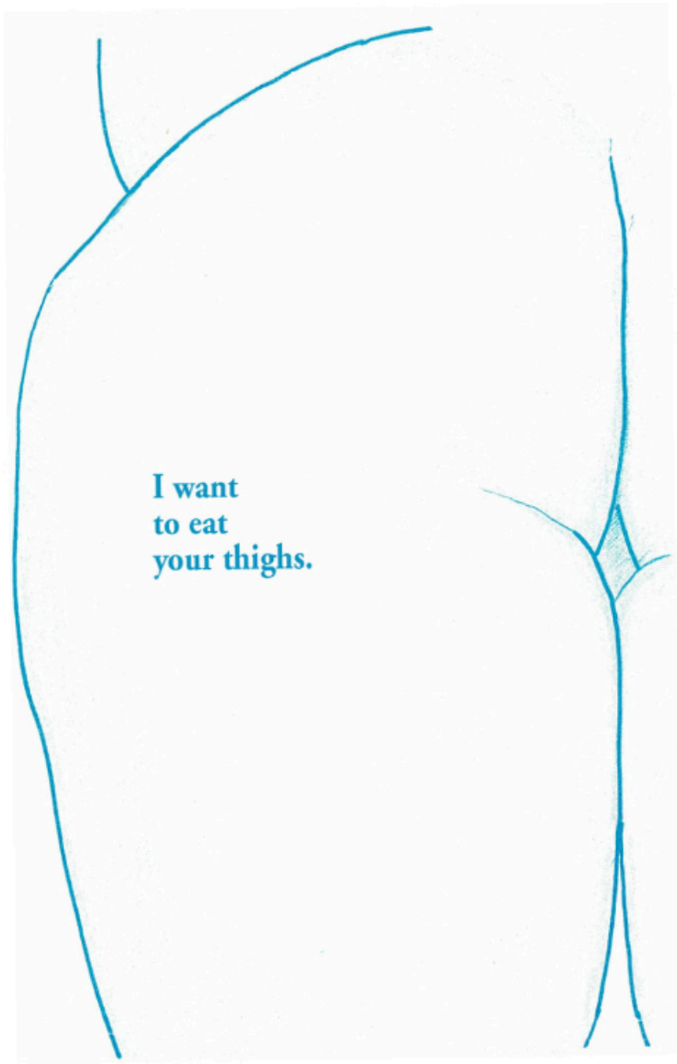
この歴史的瞬間!!!
It was a unique moment!!!

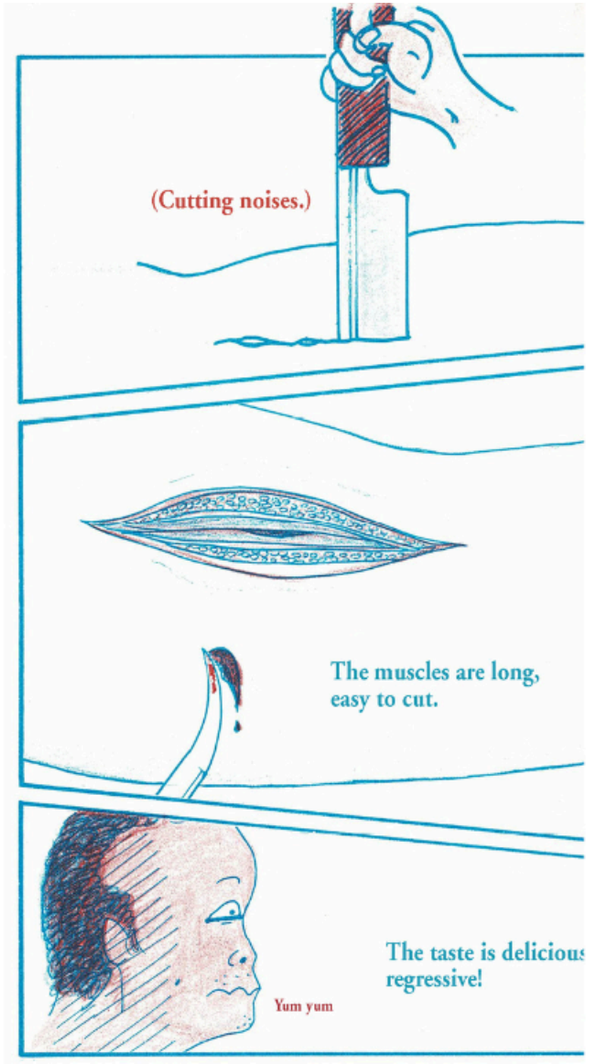

Ha ha ha
You will stay a week with me, white woman.
You agree, don't you?
Yum
Yum

Yum yum
It was as sweet as tuna belly...

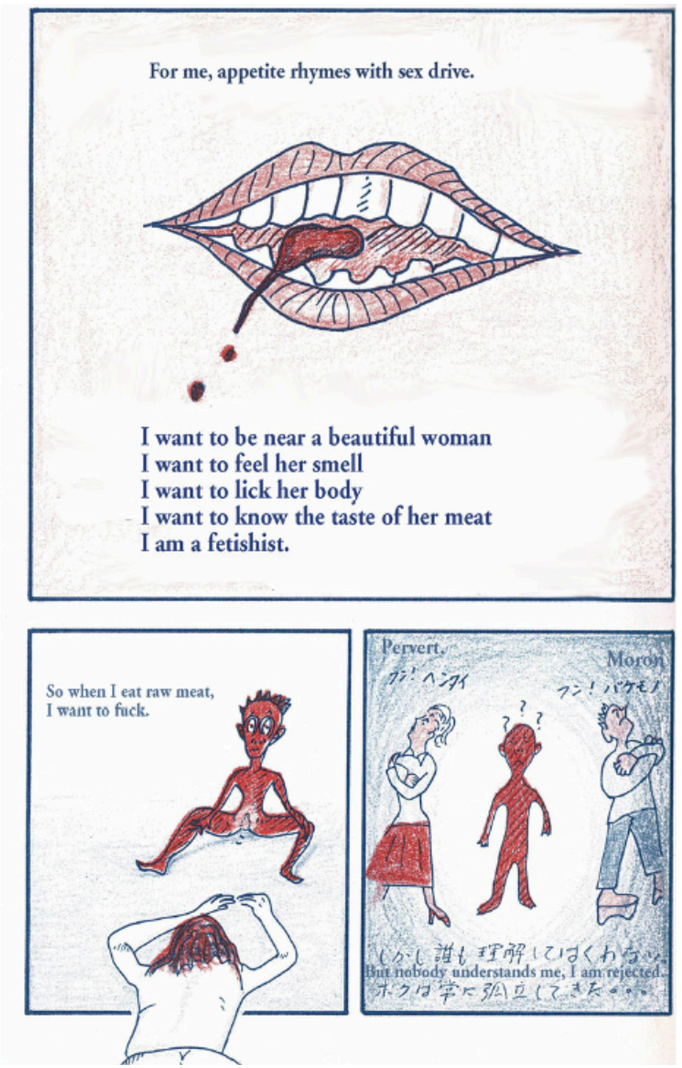
Alive, Renée was already very white,
生きていた時の
彼女の
幻影をみた

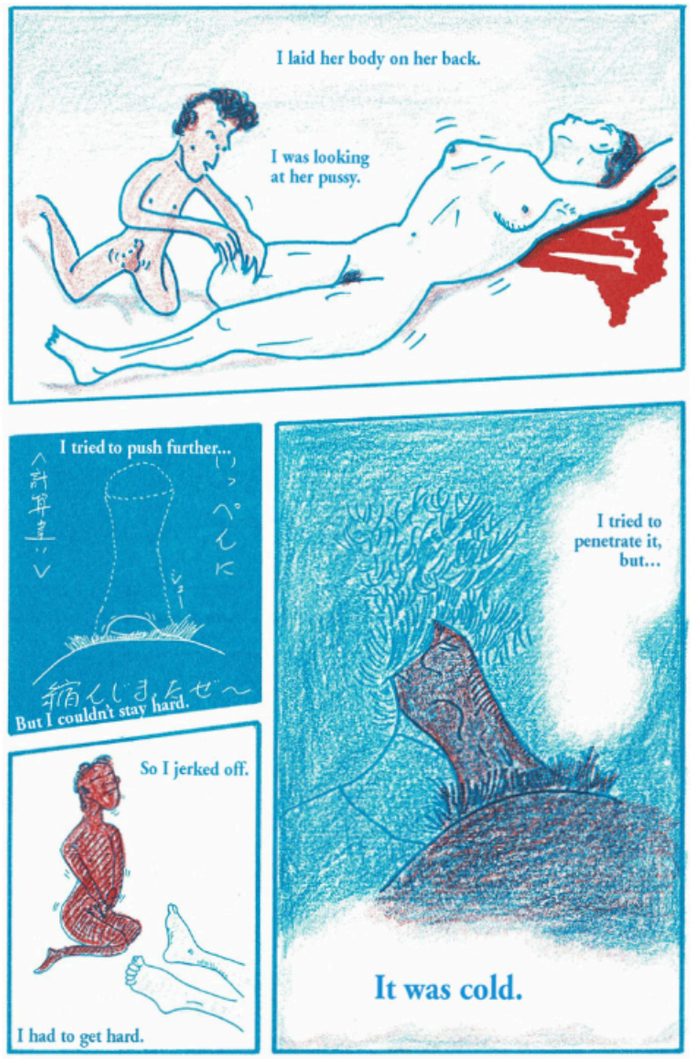

肉と肉との
絡まり合いを
Meat, meat, a pile of meat.


I want
to eat
your thighs.

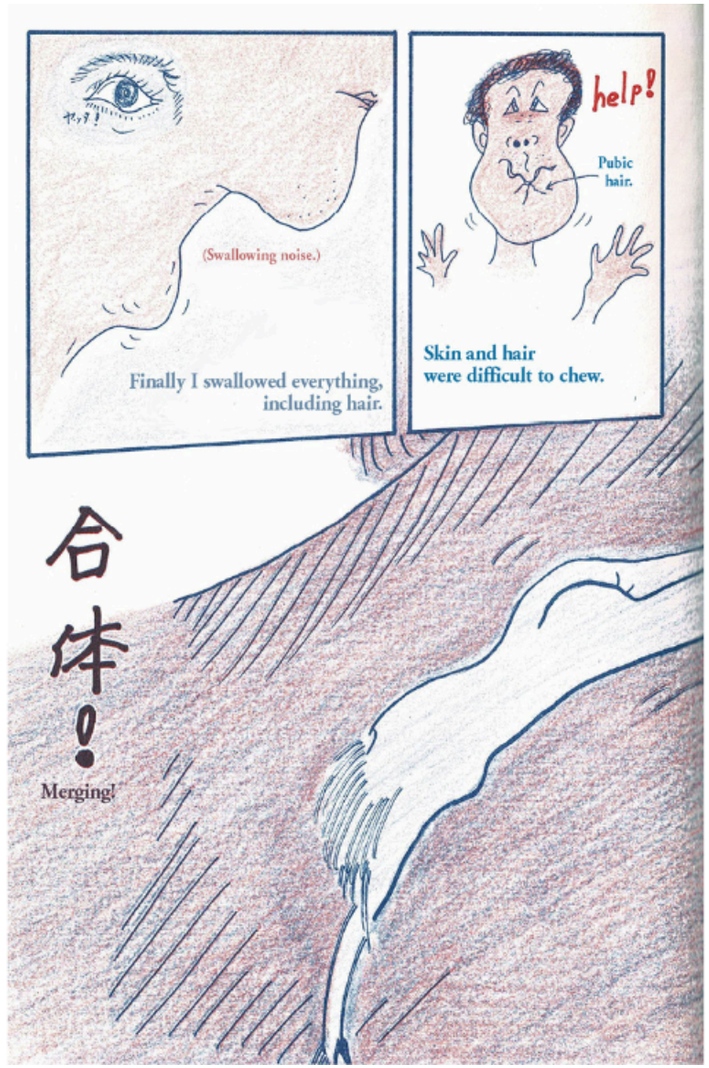

(Cutting noises.)
The muscles are long,
easy to cut.
The taste is delicious
regressive!
Yum yum

Meat.
Meat.
Meat.
Meat.
Meat.
Meat.
Meat.
Meat.
Meat.
Meat.

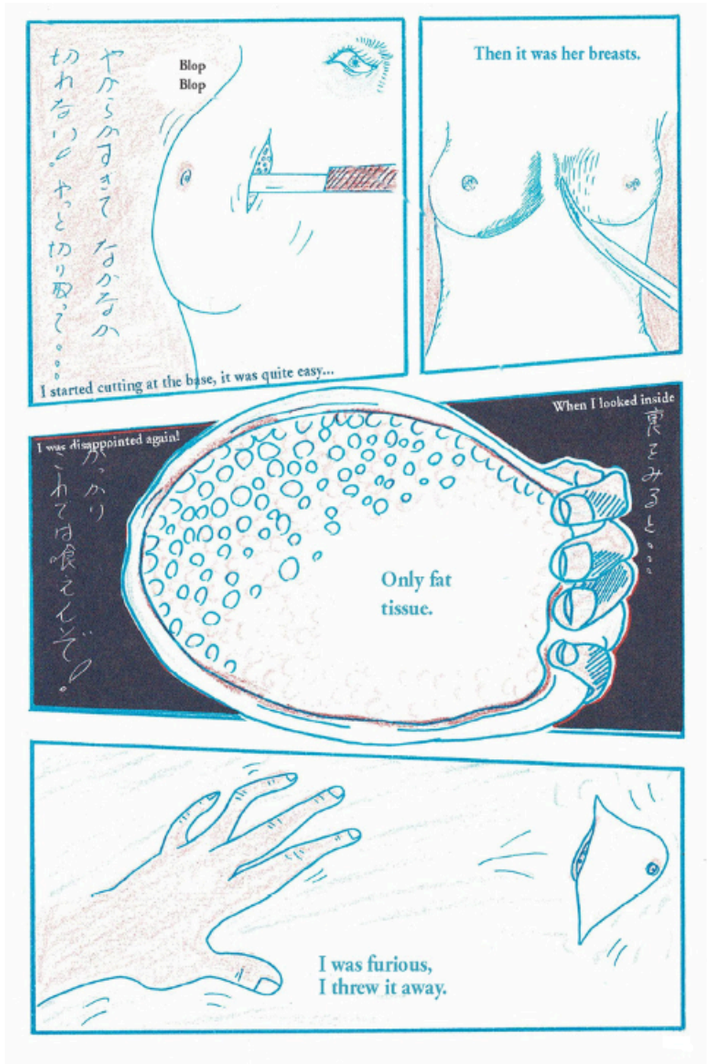

For me, appetite rhymes with sex drive.
I want to be near a beautiful woman
I want to feel her smell
I want to lick her body
I want to know the taste of her meat
I am a fetishist.
So when I eat raw meat,
I want to fuck.
Pervert.
Moron
But nobody understands me, I am rejected.

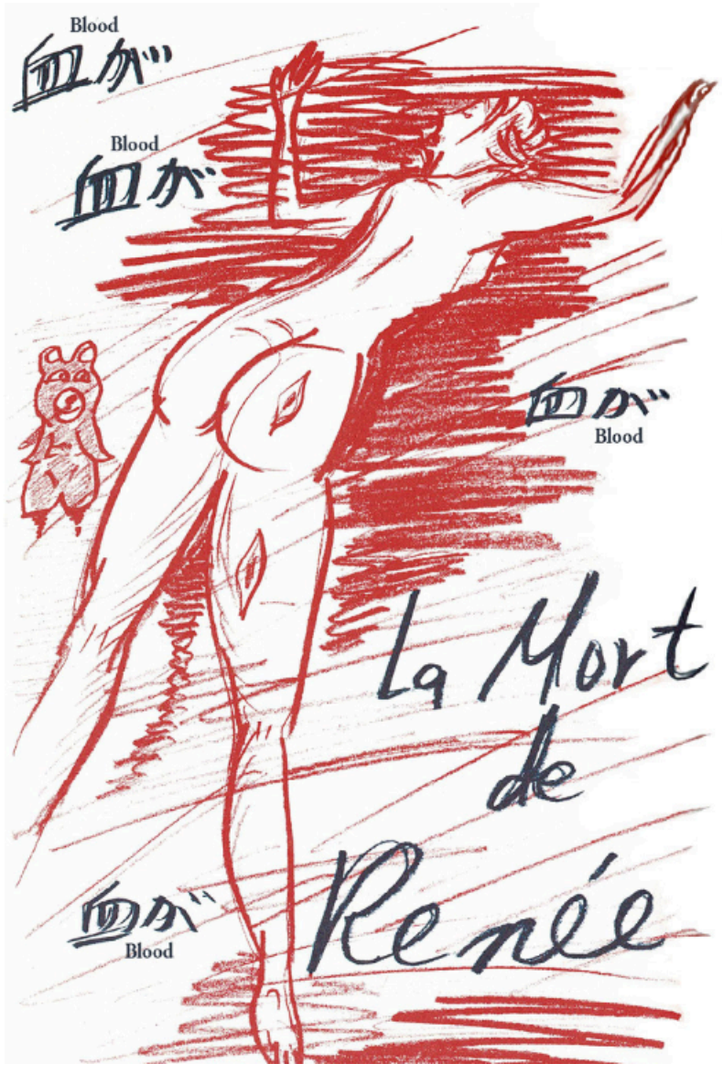

I laid her body on her back.
I was looking at her pussy.
I tried to push further...
But I couldn't stay hard.
So I jerked off.
I had to get hard.
I tried to penetrate it, but...
It was cold.

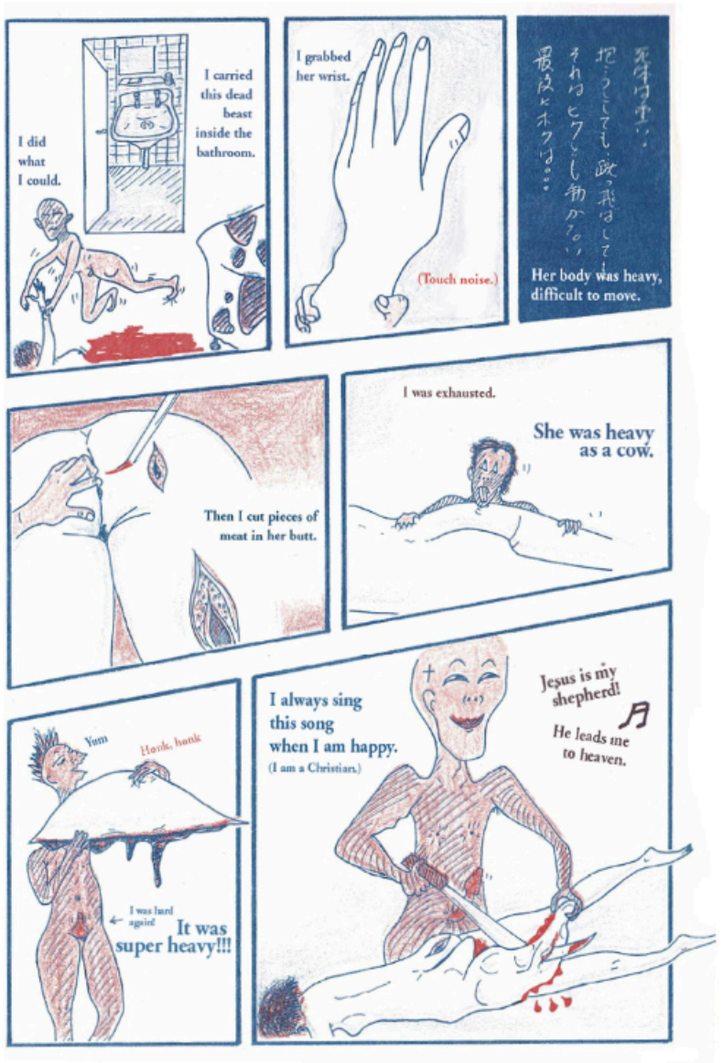
Smack
Our lips were touching.
I kissed her cold lips.
Smack
Give me a kiss.
And Sagawa came hard.
I am excited.
Yes!
I wiped the cum with a handkerchief.
I will come...

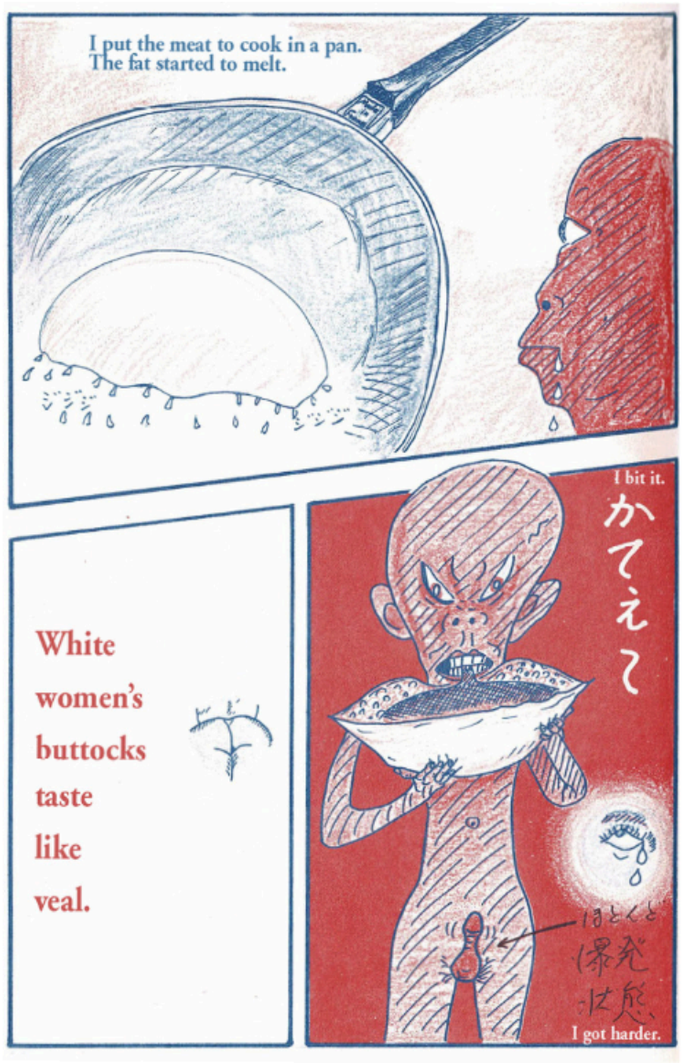

help!
Pubic hair.
(Swallowing noise.)
Finally I swallowed everything, including hair.
Skin and hair were difficult to chew.
合体!
Merging!

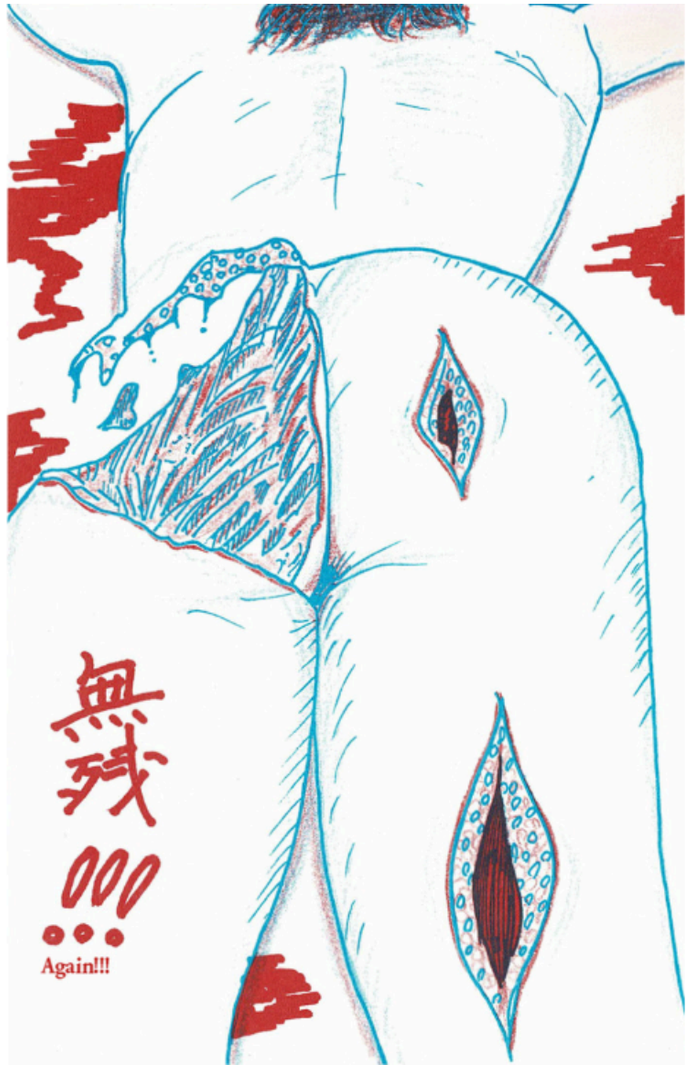
And I put it in my mouth.
I cut her clit with the tip of my knife.
That's it, she's part of me.
She pees from her eyes.

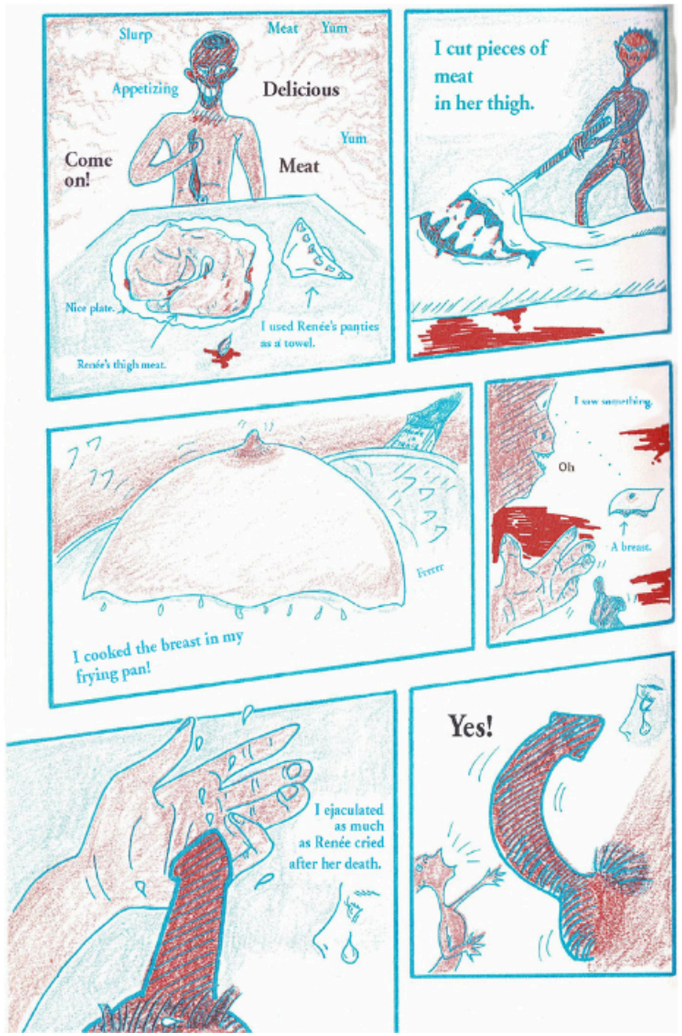

Blop
Blop
I started cutting at the base, it was quite easy...
Then it was her breasts.
I was disappointed again!
When I looked inside
Only fat tissue.
I was furious, I threw it away.

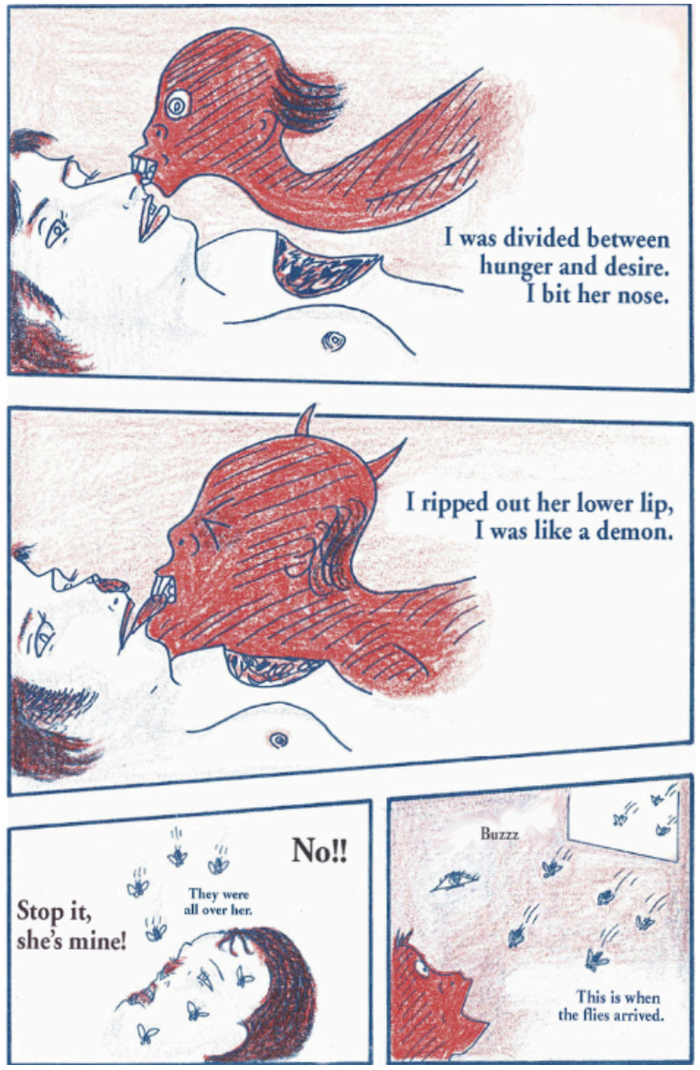

Blood
Blood
Blood
Blood
La Mort de Renée

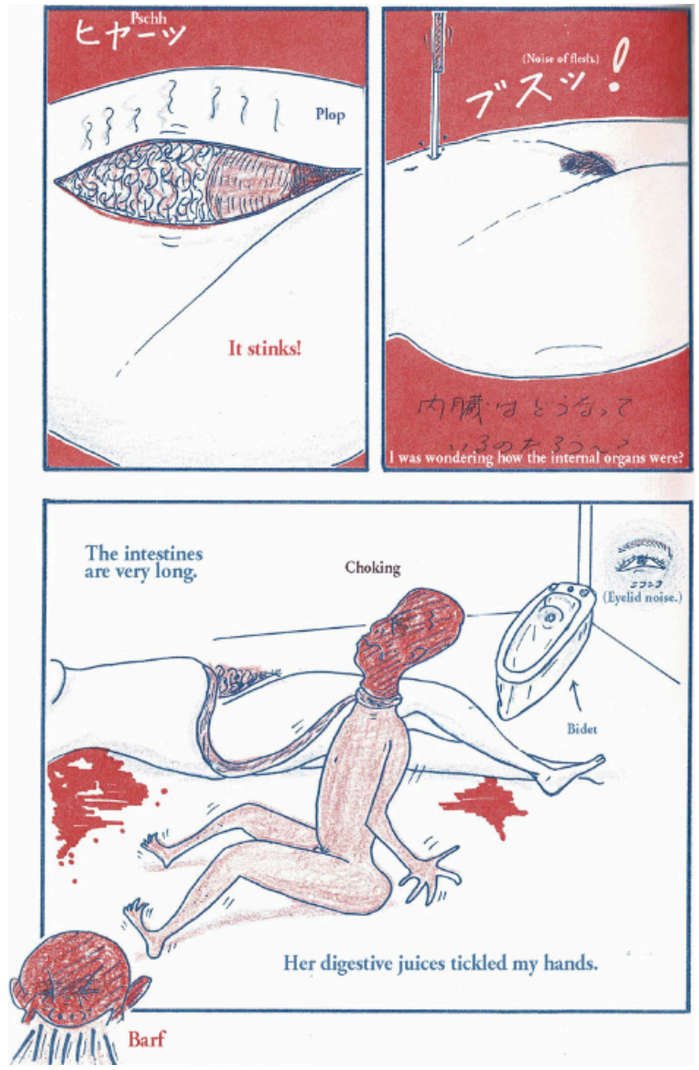

I did what I could.
I carried this dead beast inside the bathroom.
I grabbed her wrist.
(Touch noise.)
Her body was heavy, difficult to move.
Then I cut pieces of meat in her butt.
I was exhausted.
She was heavy as a cow.
Yum
Hauk, hauk
I was hard again!
It was super heavy!!!
I always sing this song when I am happy.
(I am a Christian.)
Jesus is my shepherd!
He leads me to heaven.

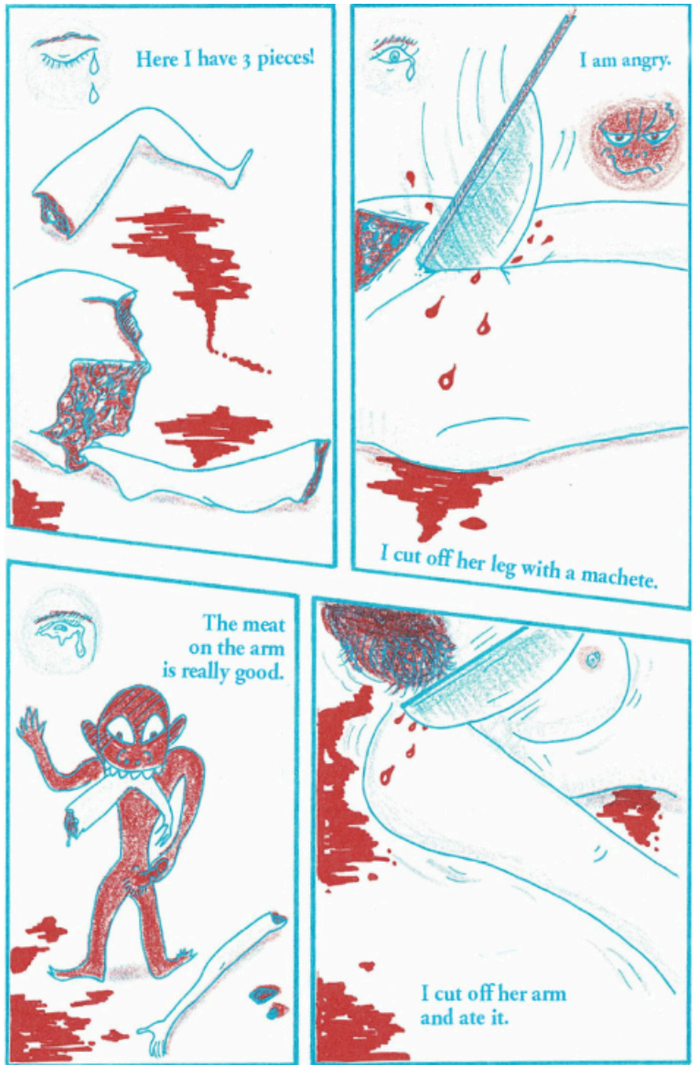

I put the meat to cook in a pan.
The fat started to melt.
White women's buttocks taste like veal.
I bit it.
かてえて
I got harder.

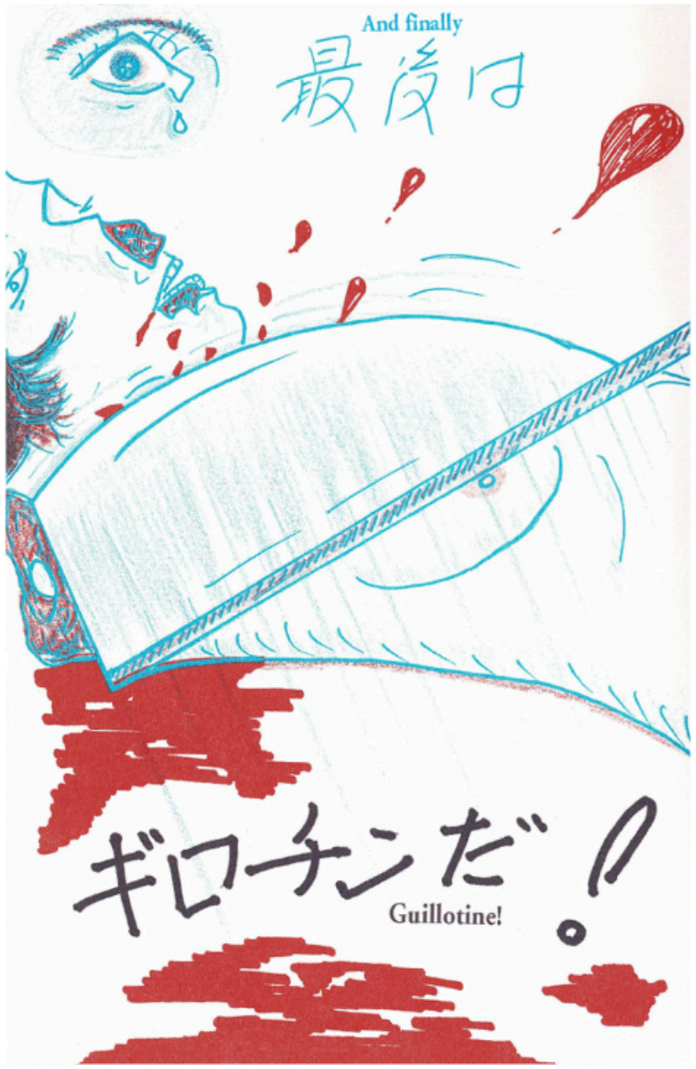

無残
Again!!!


Slurp
Meat
Yum
Appetizing
Delicious
Yum
Come on!
Meat
Nice plate.
I used Renée's panties as a towel.
Renée's thigh meat.
I cut pieces of meat in her thigh.
I cooked the breast in my frying pan!
Oh
A breast.
I ejaculated as much as Renée cried after her death.
Yes!


I was divided between hunger and desire. I bit her nose.
I ripped out her lower lip, I was like a demon.
No!!
Stop it, she's mine!
They were all over her.
Buzzz
This is when the flies arrived.

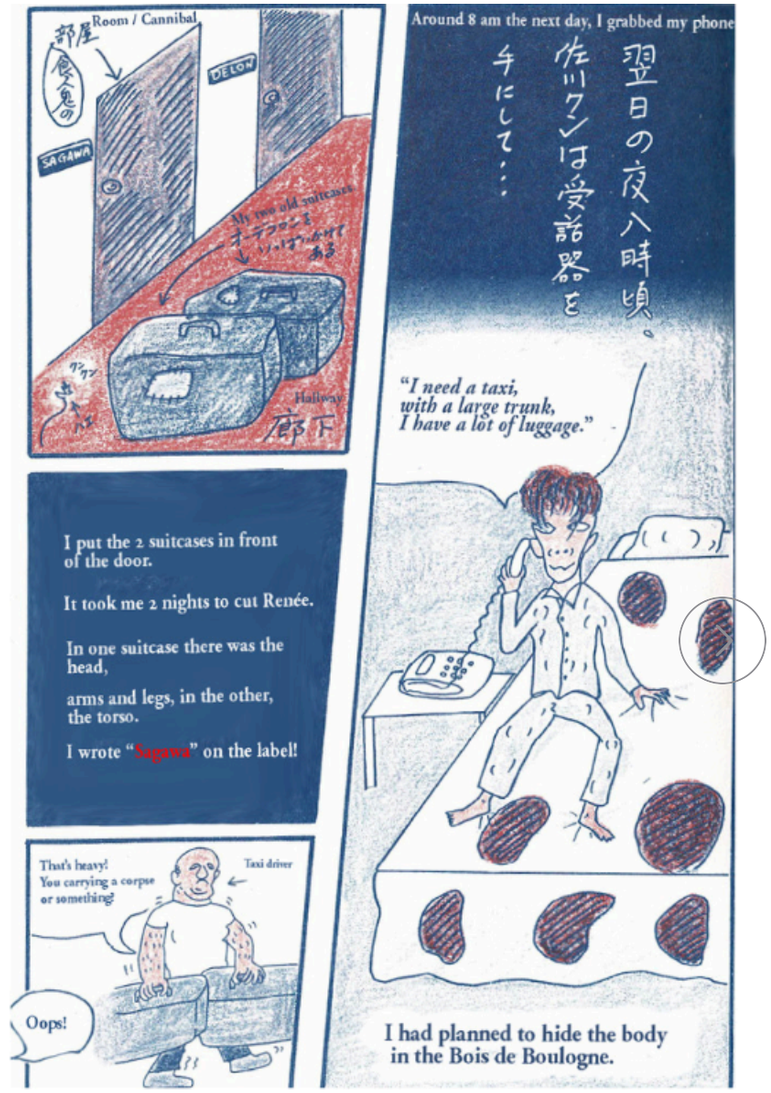

Pschh
ヒヤーツ
Plop
It stinks!
(Noise of flesh.)
ブスッ!
I was wondering how the internal organs were?
The intestines are very long.
Choking
(Eyelid noise.)
Bidet
Her digestive juices tickled my hands.
Barf

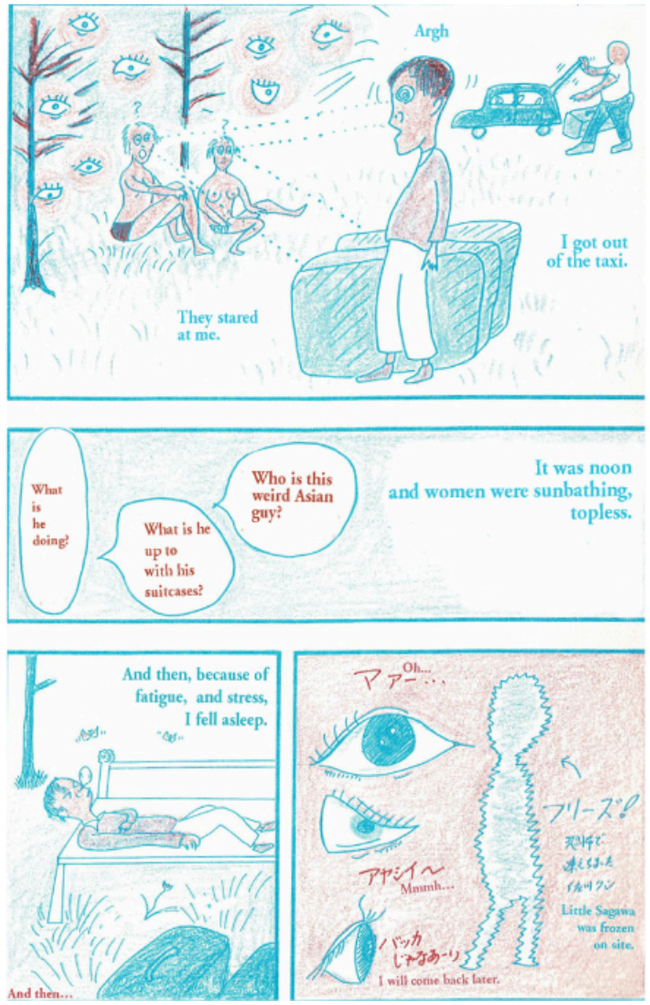

Here I have 3 pieces!
I am angry.
I cut off her leg with a machete.
The meat on the arm is really good.
I cut off her arm and ate it.


And finally
最後は
ギロチンだ！
Guillotine!

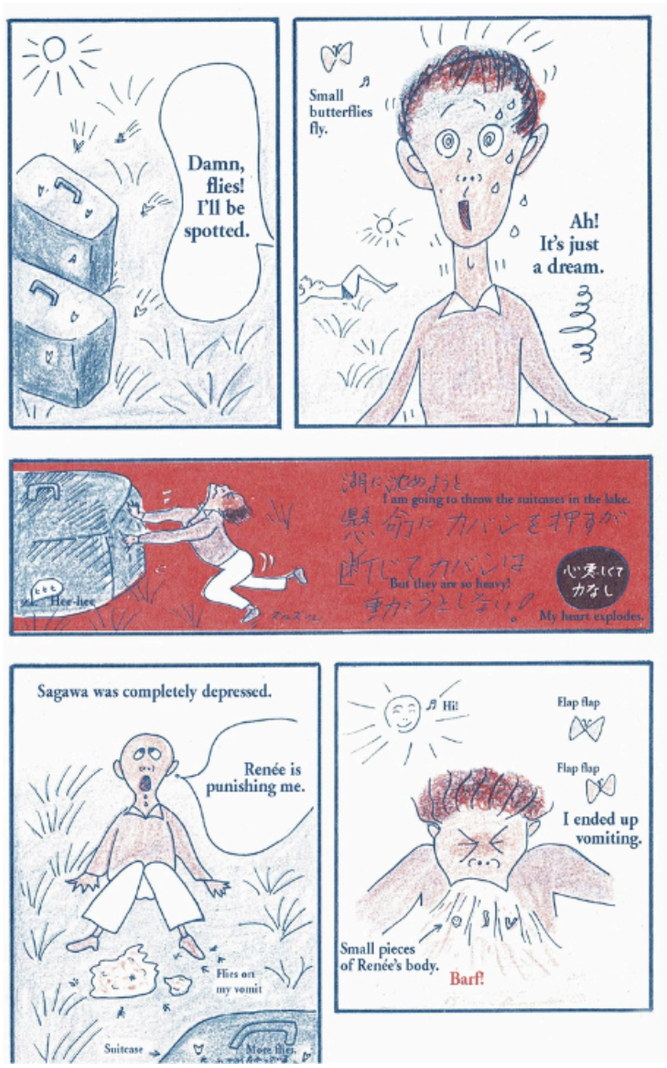
I looked in the mirror.

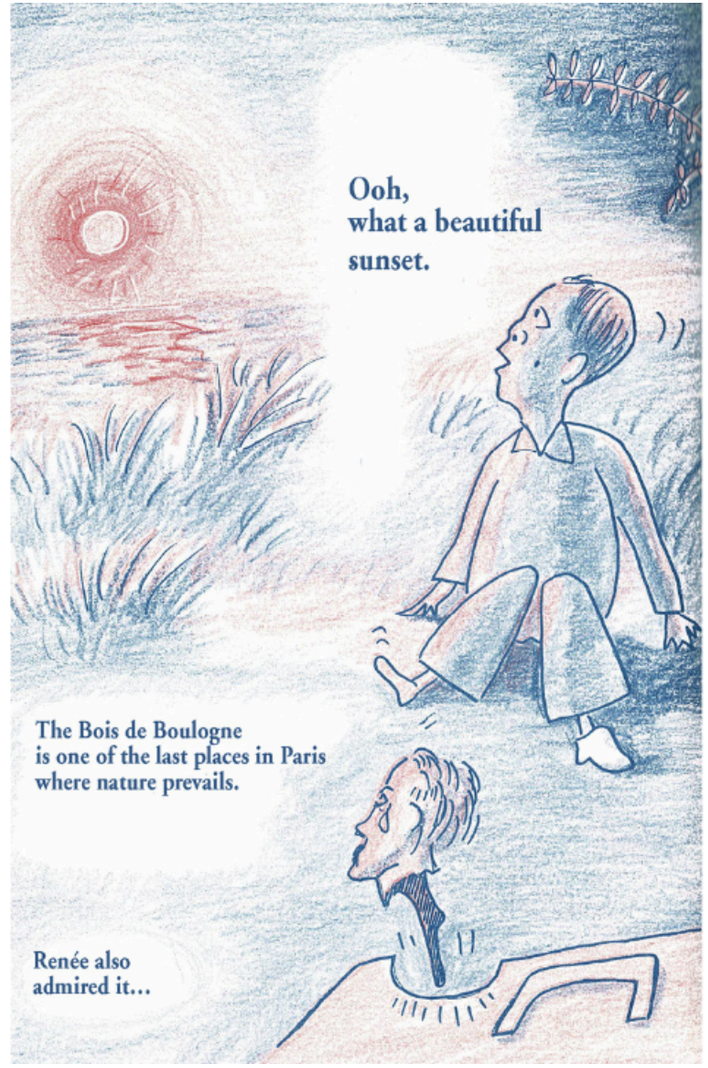
“I’m a cannibal!”

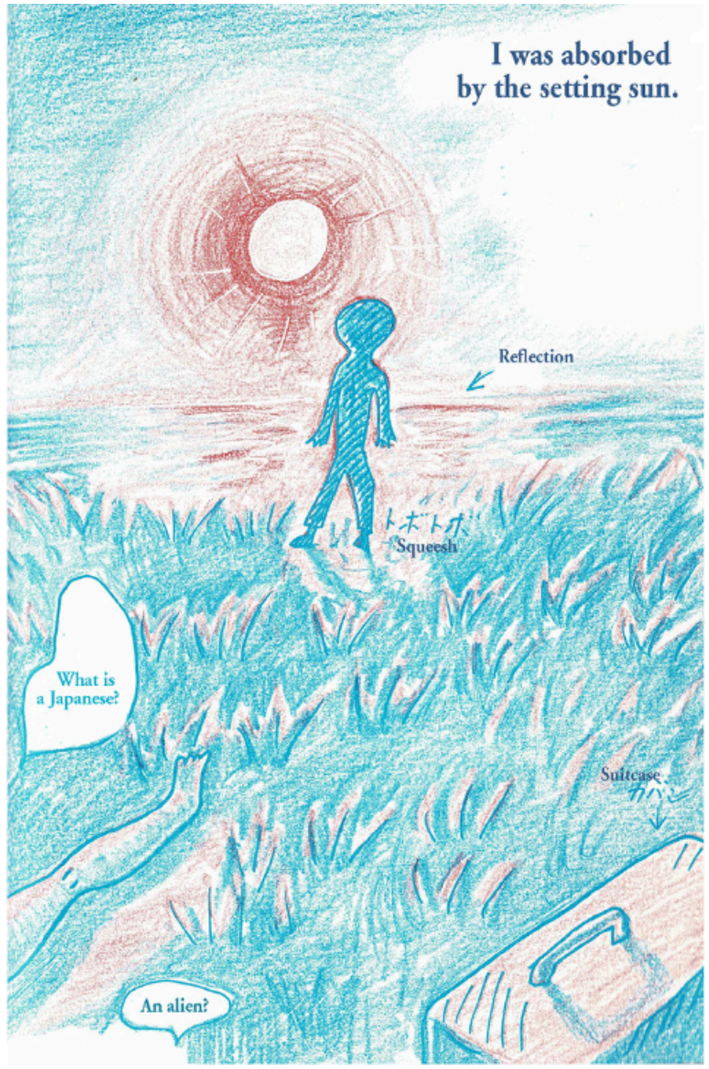


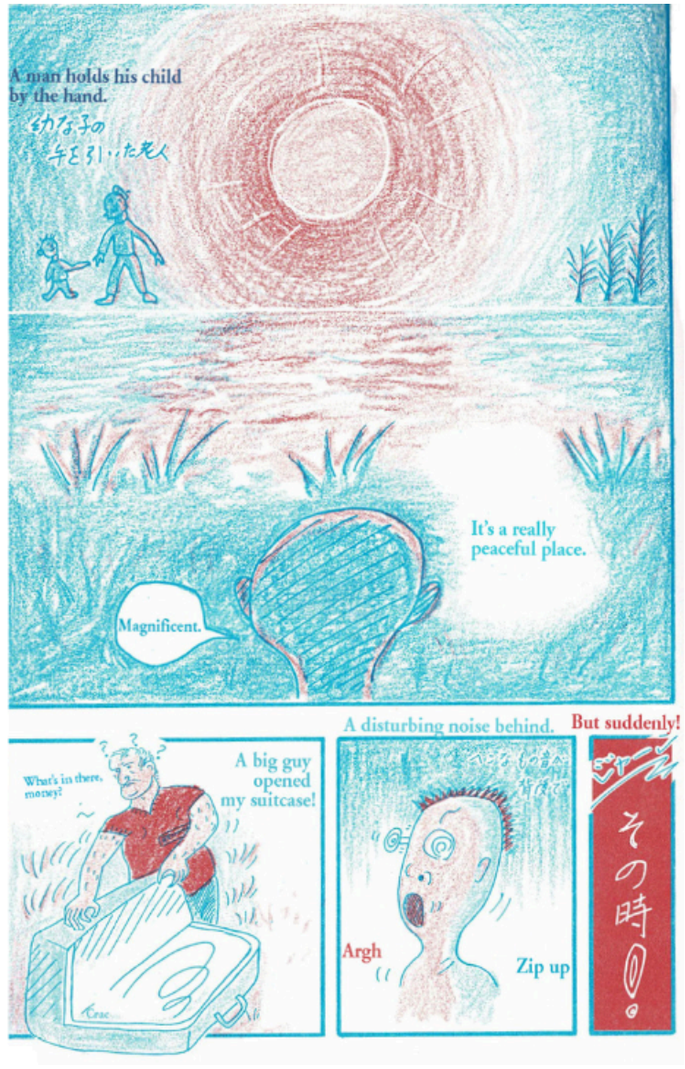

Argh
I got out of the taxi.
They stared at me.
What is he doing?
What is he up to with his suitcases?
Who is this weird Asian guy?
It was noon and women were sunbathing, topless.
And then, because of fatigue, and stress, I fell asleep.
And then...
Oh...
アアー...
フリーズ!
Mmmh...
Little Sagawa was frozen on site.
I will come back later.

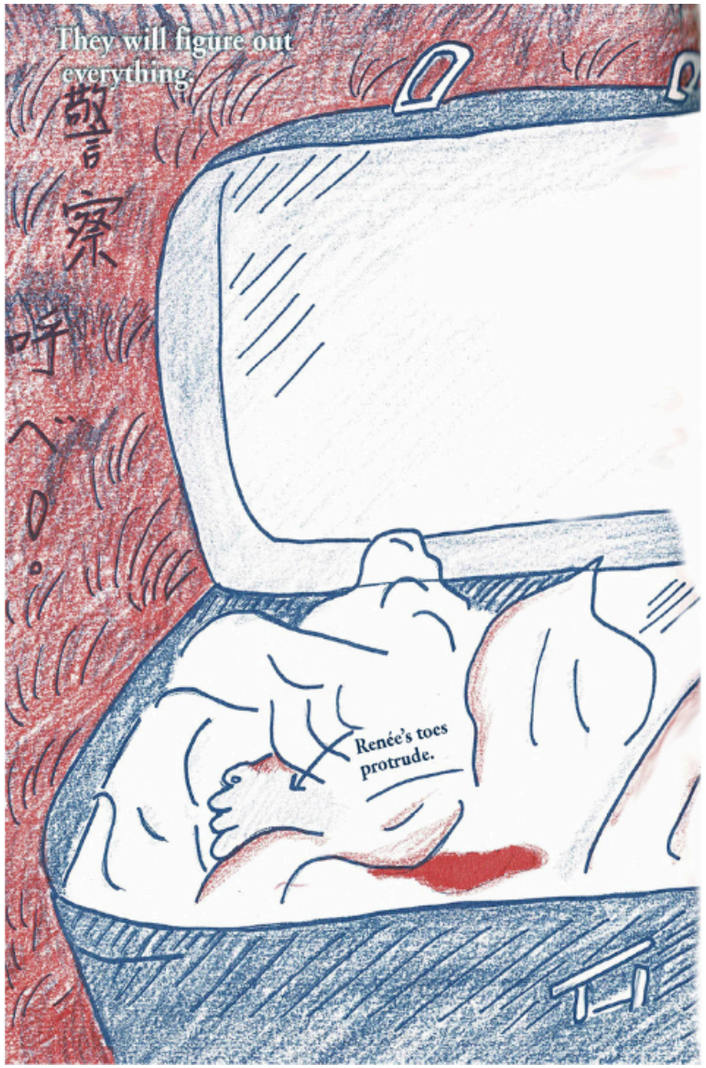
Inside the suitcase.
The head of Renée.
Let me out of here!
Let me out!
Drip Drip
Sun
Legs
Her toes wiggling
She started walking.
She was running...
Renée escaped.
And...
Plop!
Scratch
(No, this is not possible...)
Zzz
Zzz
I'll eat you, you Fucking cannibal!


Damn, flies! I'll be spotted.
Small butterflies fly.
Ah! It's just a dream.
I am going to throw the suitcases in the lake.
But they are so heavy!
My heart explodes.
Hee-hee
Sagawa was completely depressed.
Renée is punishing me.
Flies on my vomit
Suitcase
More flies
Hi!
Flap flap
Flap flap
I ended up vomiting.
Small pieces of Renée's body.
Barf!


Ooh, what a beautiful sunset.
The Bois de Boulogne is one of the last places in Paris where nature prevails.
Renée also admired it...

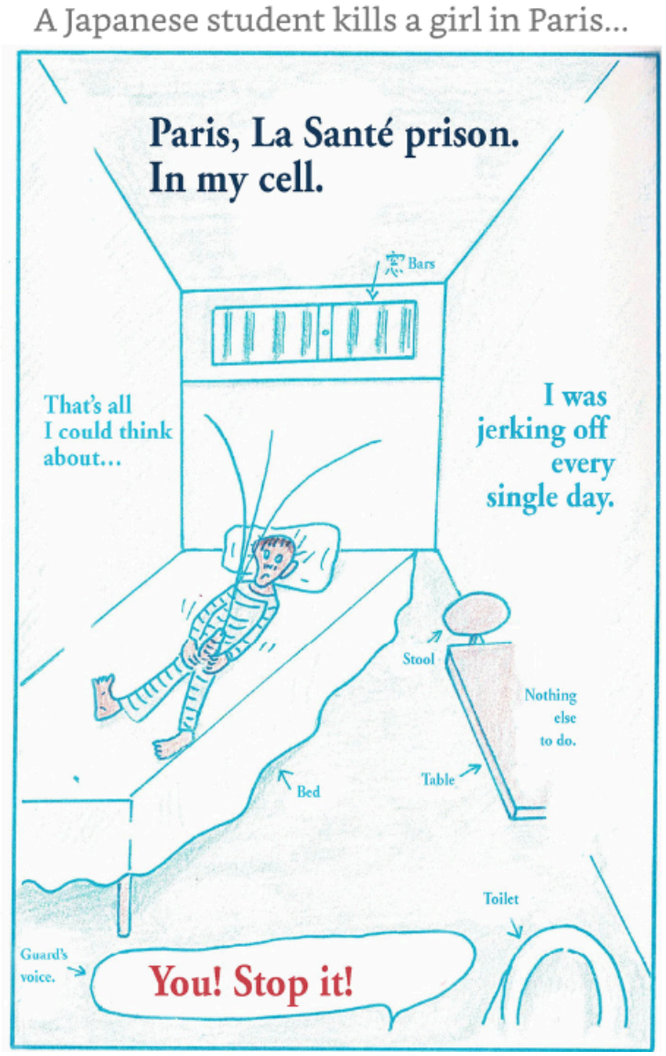

I was absorbed by the setting sun.
Reflection
トボトボ
Squeesh
What is a Japanese?
Suitcase
カバン
An alien?

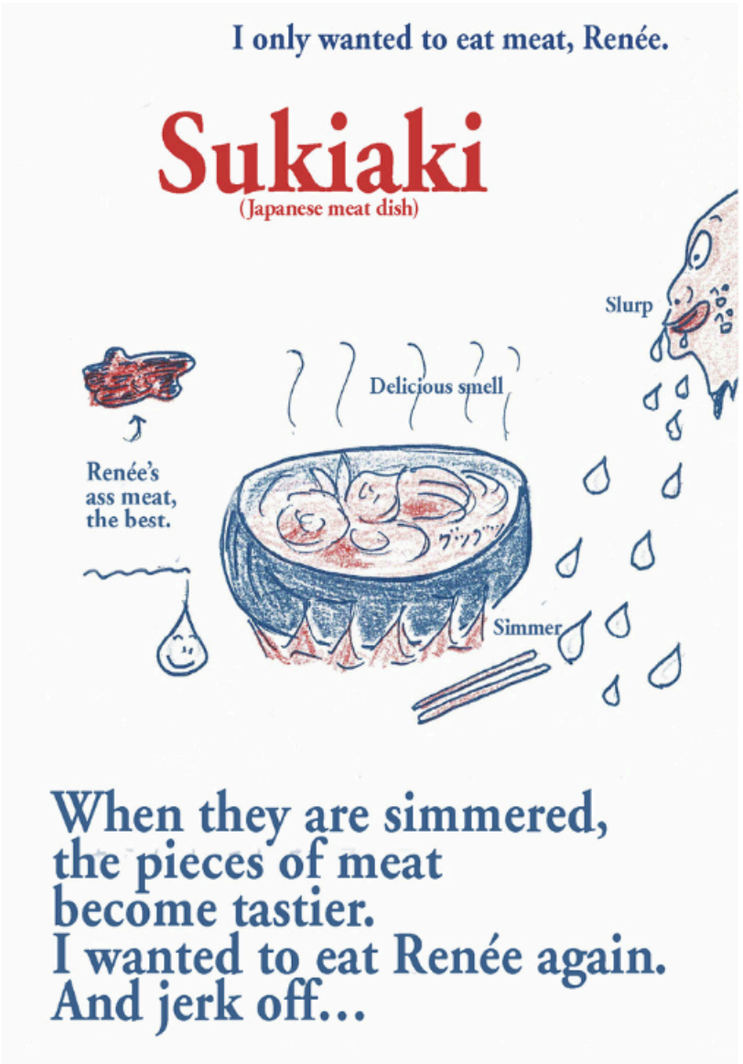

A man holds his child by the hand.
幼な子の手を引いた老人
It's a really peaceful place.
Magnificent.
What's in there, money?
A big guy opened my suitcase!
A disturbing noise behind.
Argh
Zip up
But suddenly!
その時!

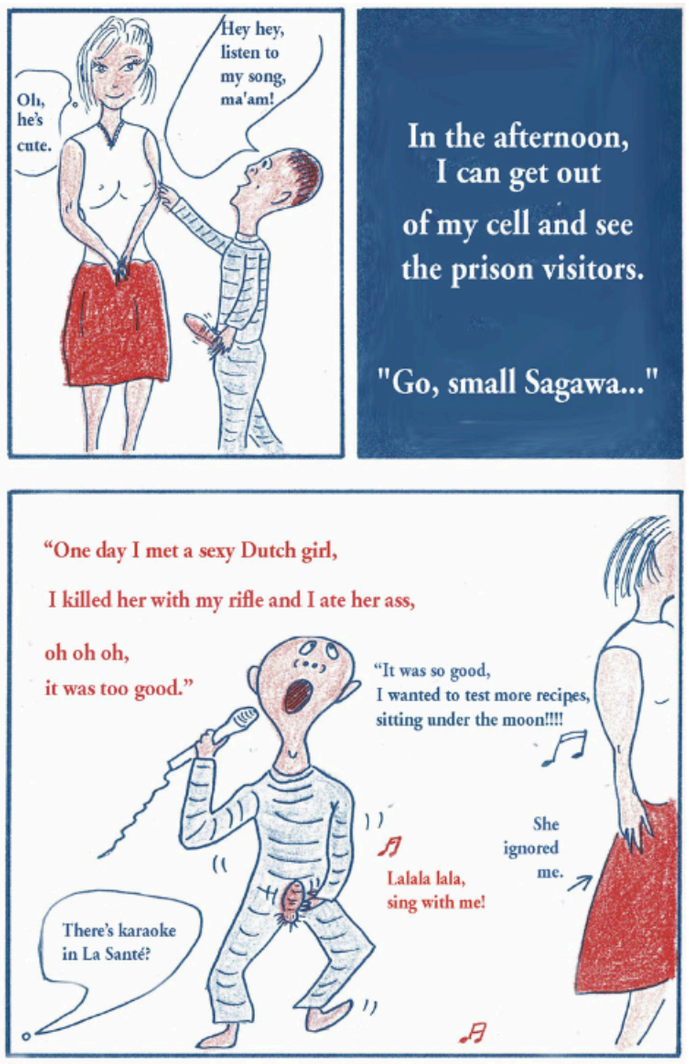

They will figure out everything.
Renée's toes protrude.

Oh no, it's a murder!
Everything is covered in blood!

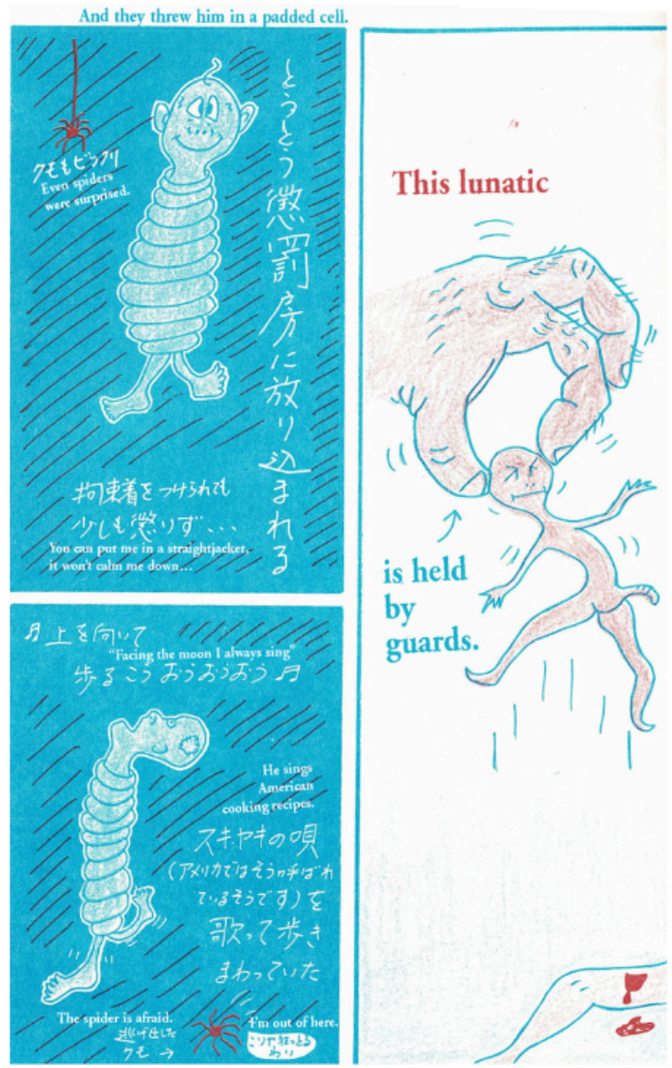
(23) 社会 13版 1981年(昭和55年)6月17日 水曜日
フジ三太郎
日本人留学生が殺人
パリで女学生バラバラ
関係〝拒まれ凶行
現地紙は大見出しに
四年前に裏切
生き埋めの
二人も死ぬ
海外旅行


A Japanese student kills a girl in Paris...
Paris, La Santé prison.
In my cell.
窓 Bars
That's all
I could think
about...
I was
jerking off
every
single day.
Stool
Nothing
else
to do.
Bed
Table
Toilet
Guard's
voice.
You! Stop it!


I only wanted to eat meat, Renée.
Sukiaki
(Japanese meat dish)
Slurp
Delicious smell
Renée's ass meat, the best.
Simmer
When they are simmered, the pieces of meat become tastier. I wanted to eat Renée again. And jerk off...


Oh, he's cute.
Hey hey, listen to my song, ma'am!
In the afternoon, I can get out of my cell and see the prison visitors.
"Go, small Sagawa..."
"One day I met a sexy Dutch girl, I killed her with my rifle and I ate her ass, oh oh oh, it was too good."
"It was so good, I wanted to test more recipes, sitting under the moon!!!!
Lalala lala, sing with me!
She ignored me.
There's karaoke in La Santé?

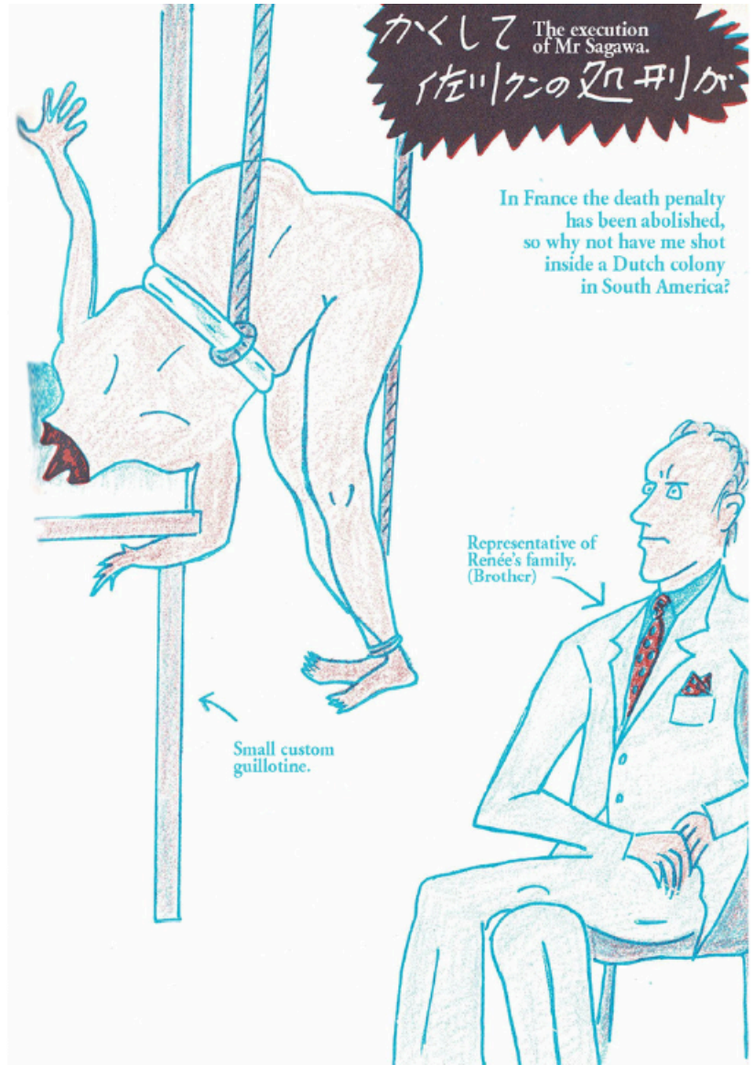
We will merge,
I will eat you
and you will go to heaven.
There will still be beautiful red blood.
Keep your eyes open.
And that's when Sagawa jumped on the unfortunate one.
Help!
He seemed to be inhabited by extraordinary evil powers!.
You have been chosen to be with me,
the little foreign knight.
You will dance with Renée, in joy...
Morinaga milk

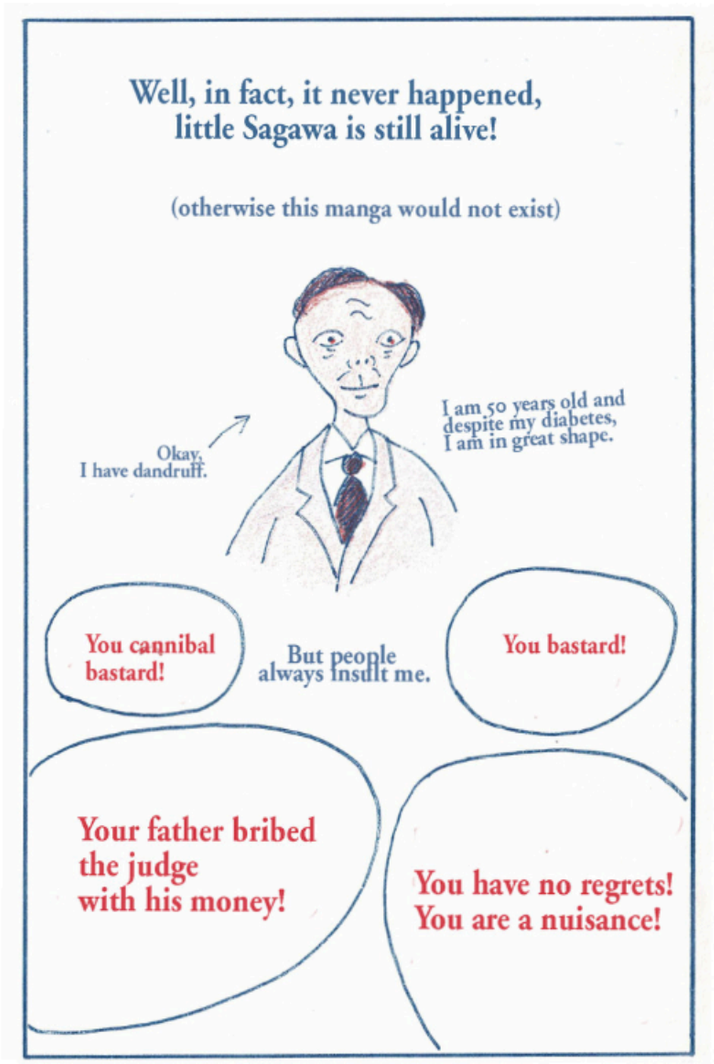

And they threw him in a padded cell.
Even spiders were surprised.
You can put me in a straightjacket, it won't calm me down...
This lunatic
is held by guards.
"Facing the moon I always sing"
He sings American cooking recipes.
The spider is afraid.
I'm out of here.

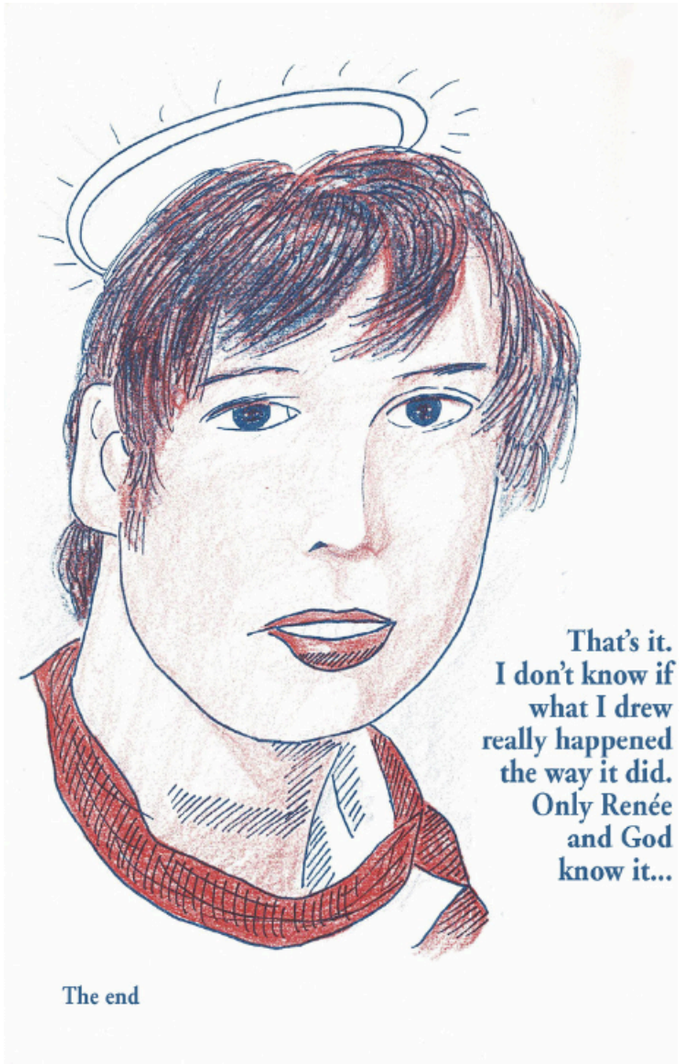
How can this be possible!!
Dutch executioner
He deserves to die!
Send him to us!
Boohoo
Even the Japanese Prime Minister in Holland knelt down to ask for forgiveness.
Quick, solve this mystery.

Okay, can I do what I want?
And the door suddenly opened... a guard.
Come on! You can go out, you're free crazy!
佐!! 出ろ!! 無罪放免だ
According to French law, you can't judge crazy people! (and all French people are crazy.)
Freedom!!!
Hop
La Santé prison.

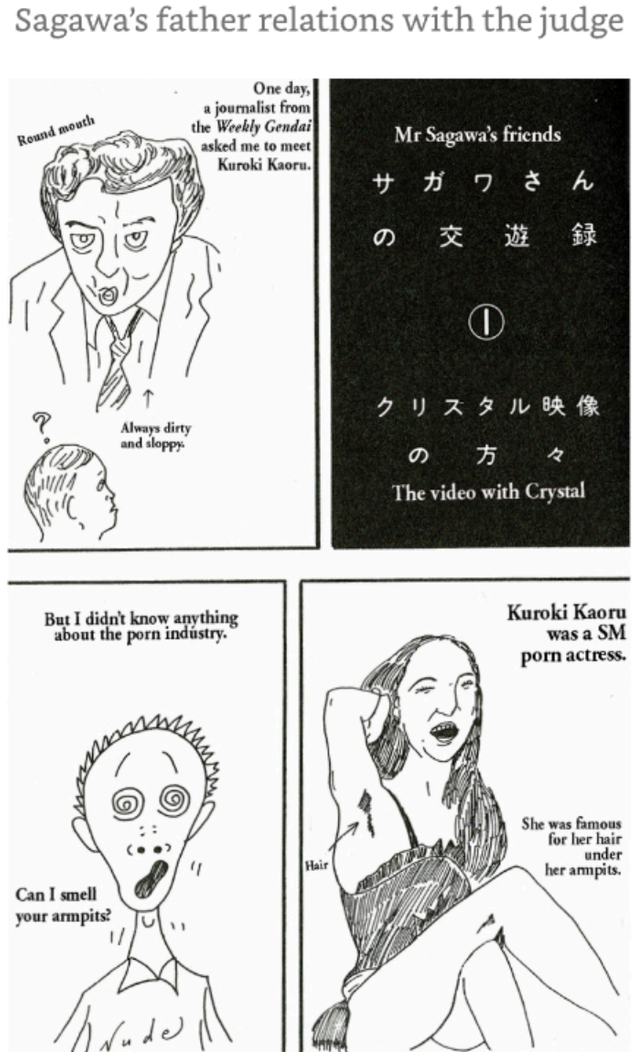
Ooh!
My head
is spinning.
めでたし
めでたし
Happy forever.
...but

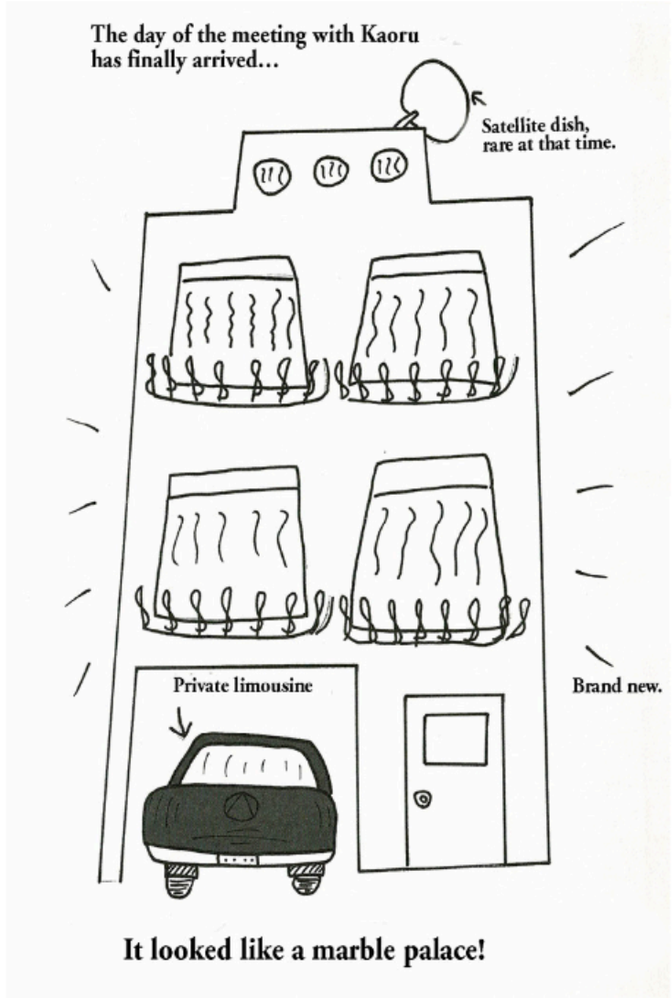

かくして The execution of Mr Sagawa.
佐川クンの処刑が
In France the death penalty has been abolished, so why not have me shot inside a Dutch colony in South America?
Representative of Renée's family. (Brother)
Small custom guillotine.


Well, in fact, it never happened, little Sagawa is still alive!
(otherwise this manga would not exist)
Okay, I have dandruff.
I am 50 years old and despite my diabetes, I am in great shape.
You cannibal bastard!
But people always insult me.
You bastard!
Your father bribed the judge with his money!
You have no regrets! You are a nuisance!


That's it. I don't know if what I drew really happened the way it did. Only Renée and God know it...
The end

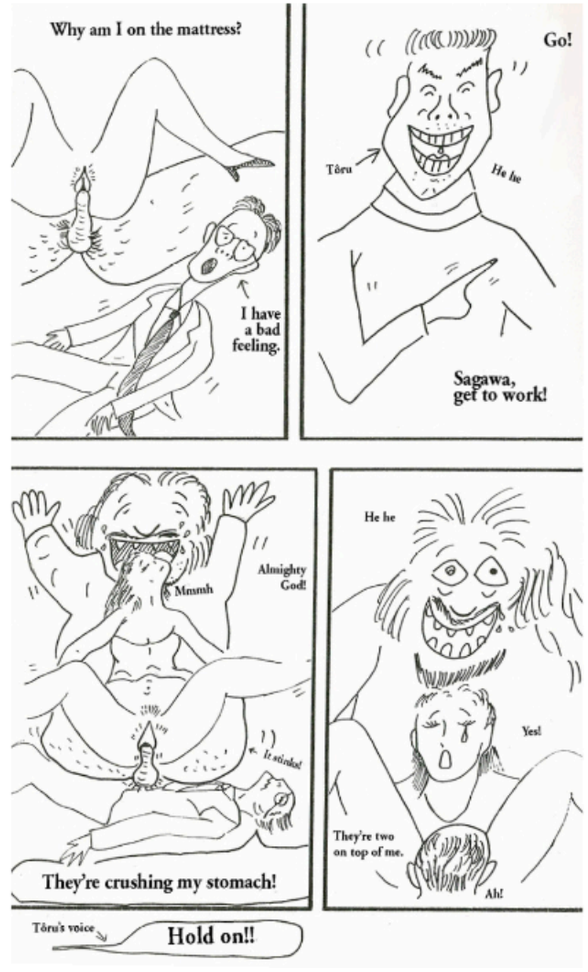
老恩師が切々と弁護
ついに運休の事態
労使紛争「車検切れ」続出
出方ながめ
微妙な関係

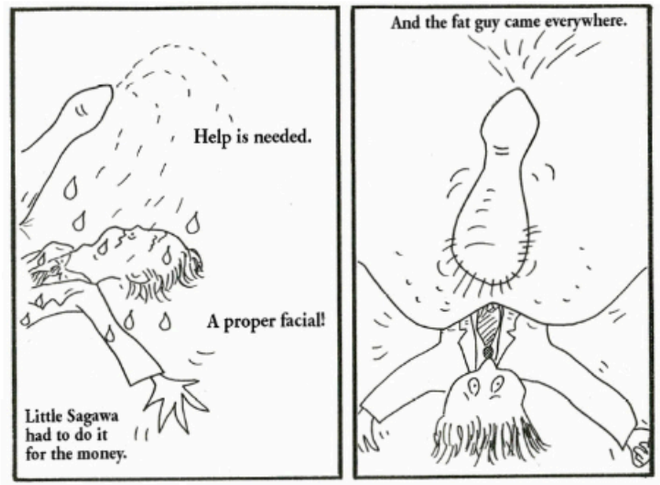

Sagawa's father relations with the judge
Round mouth
One day, a journalist from the Weekly Gendai asked me to meet Kuroki Kaoru.
Always dirty and sloppy.
Mr Sagawa's friends
サガワさんの交遊録
①
クリスタル映像の方々
The video with Crystal
But I didn't know anything about the porn industry.
Can I smell your armpits?
Kuroki Kaoru was a SM porn actress.
Hair
She was famous for her hair under her armpits.


The day of the meeting with Kaoru has finally arrived…
Satellite dish, rare at that time.
Private limousine
Brand new.
It looked like a marble palace!

Wow, I'm super excited.
Who is he?
This is Muranishi Tôru, a great porn actor…
And that's when he appeared.
Hello cannibal, I'm happy that you came!!
This was my meeting with Tôru. I did not ask any question.
And what does Tôru want from me?
Lucky you, you're going to fuck Kaoru for the first time, like I did 10 years ago.
Come on, naked, crawl!!

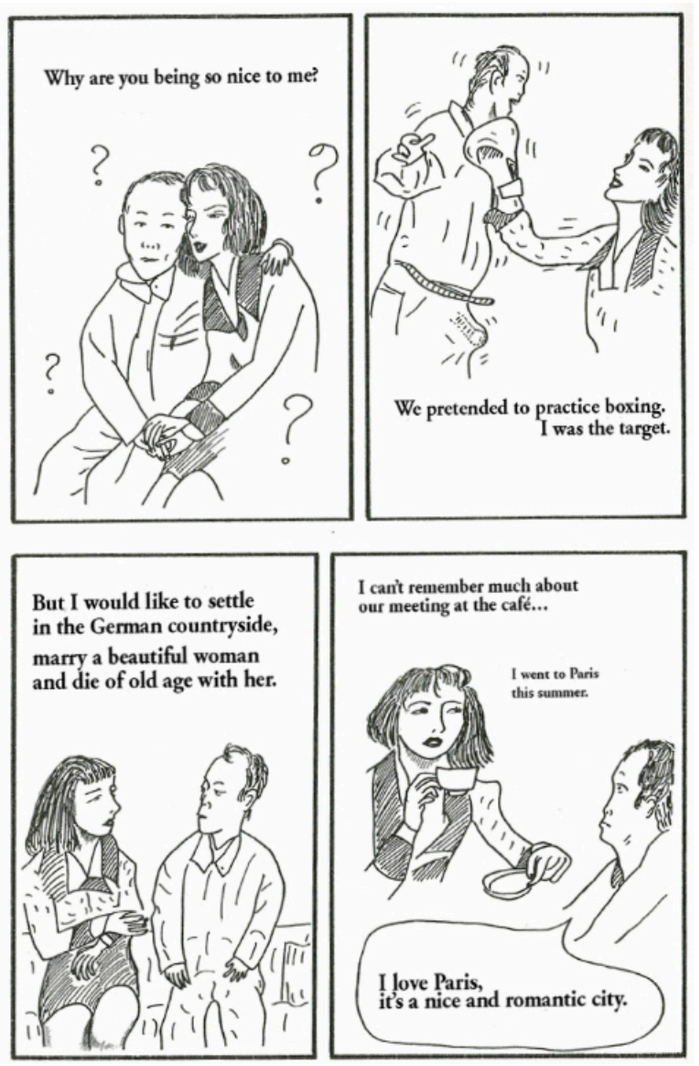
Filming was about to begin.
We went to the studio!!
A guy who looked like Asahara Shoko.
Urawaki, porn actress.
I was given glasses to look uglier.
Oba, porn actress.
Was it to turn me on?
Juicy meat.
And suddenly...
Oh yes
Mmmh
I was watching!

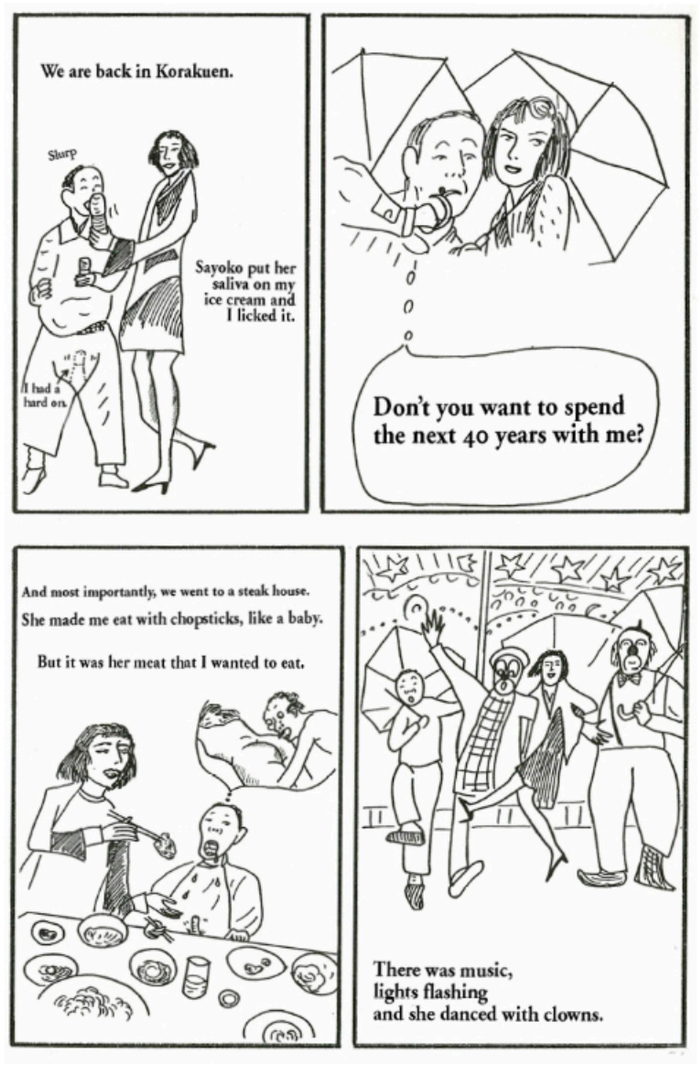

Why am I on the mattress?
I have a bad feeling.
Go!
Tôru
He he
Sagawa, get to work!
Mmmh
Almighty God!
It stinks!
They're crushing my stomach!
He he
Yes!
They're two on top of me.
Ah!
Tôru's voice
Hold on!!

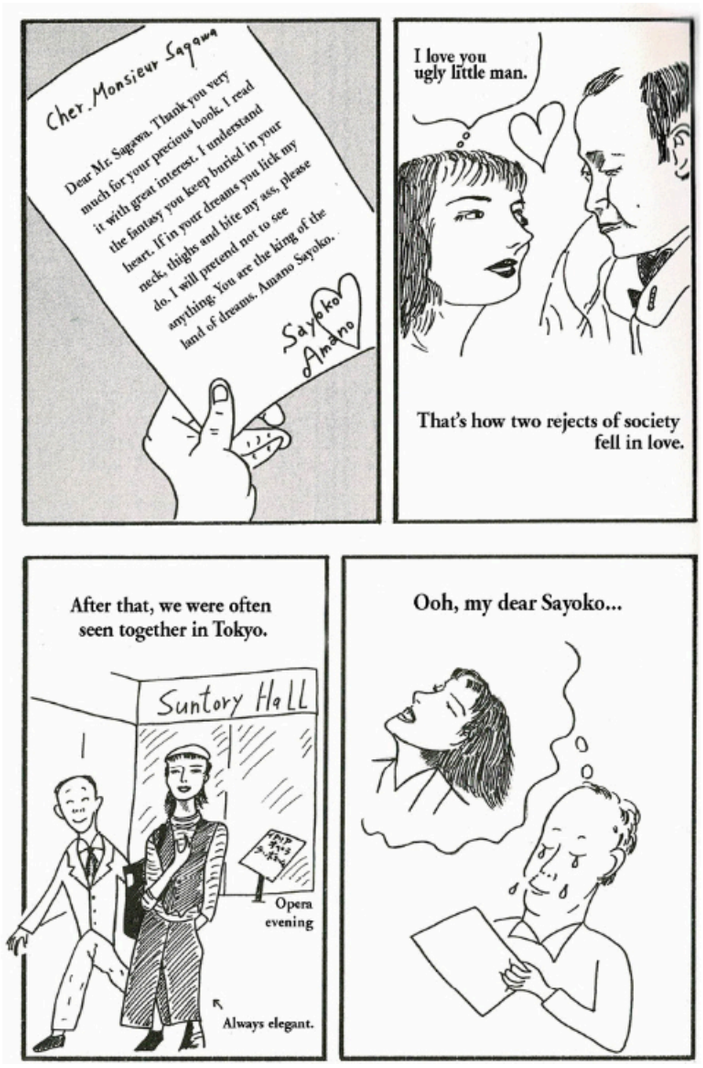

Help is needed.
A proper facial!
Little Sagawa had to do it for the money.
And the fat guy came everywhere.
I went home alone and met a beautiful white blonde in Shibuya.
Shibuya
Tears mingled with rain.
I couldn't help but throw up...
Barf!
It was too much for me.

Amano Sayoko, the queen of SM wants to hang out with you, she adores you.
Somewhat suspicious tone.
One day I got a call from Hoku productions.
Fuck you
Mr Sagawa's friends
サガワさんの交遊録
②
いとしの天野小夜子さま
Amano Sayoko
I was curious and impatient.
Oddly, she was beautiful and graceful!
Terrible scenes crossed my mind, but that was my job now, to be a clown, so I went to the rendezvous, in this café.

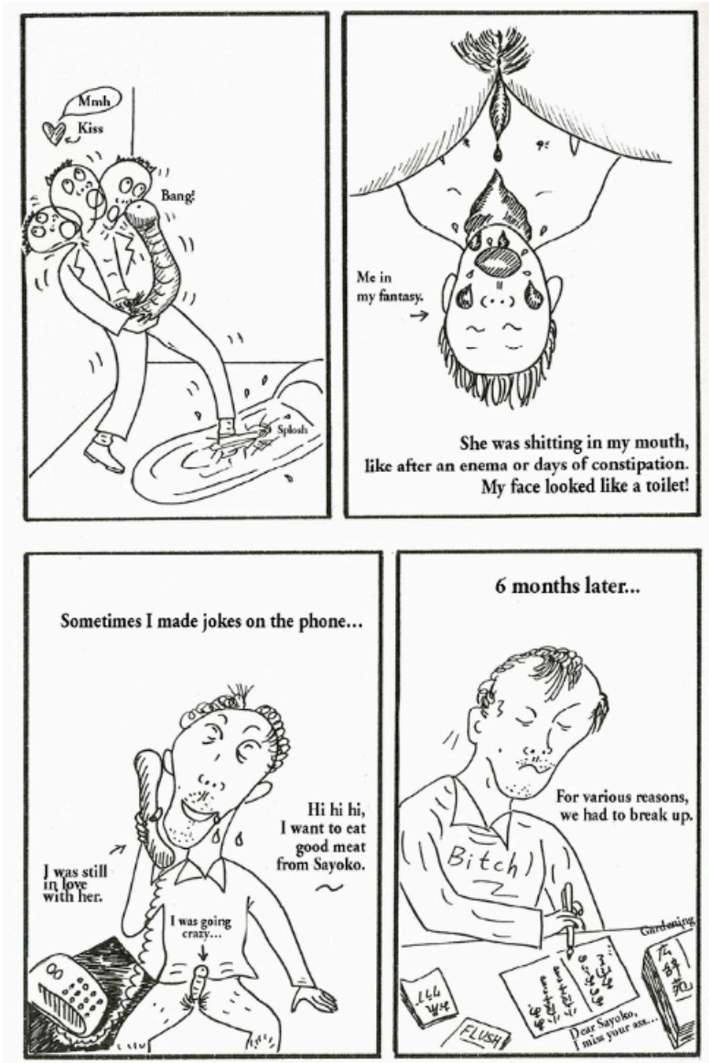
We went to the Korakuen fair...
I swallowed my saliva.
Amano was also very appetizing.
But she ended up vomiting...
Barf
You can vomit on me!
Aah!
We clipmbed on a Roller-Coaster,
I could smell her scent.

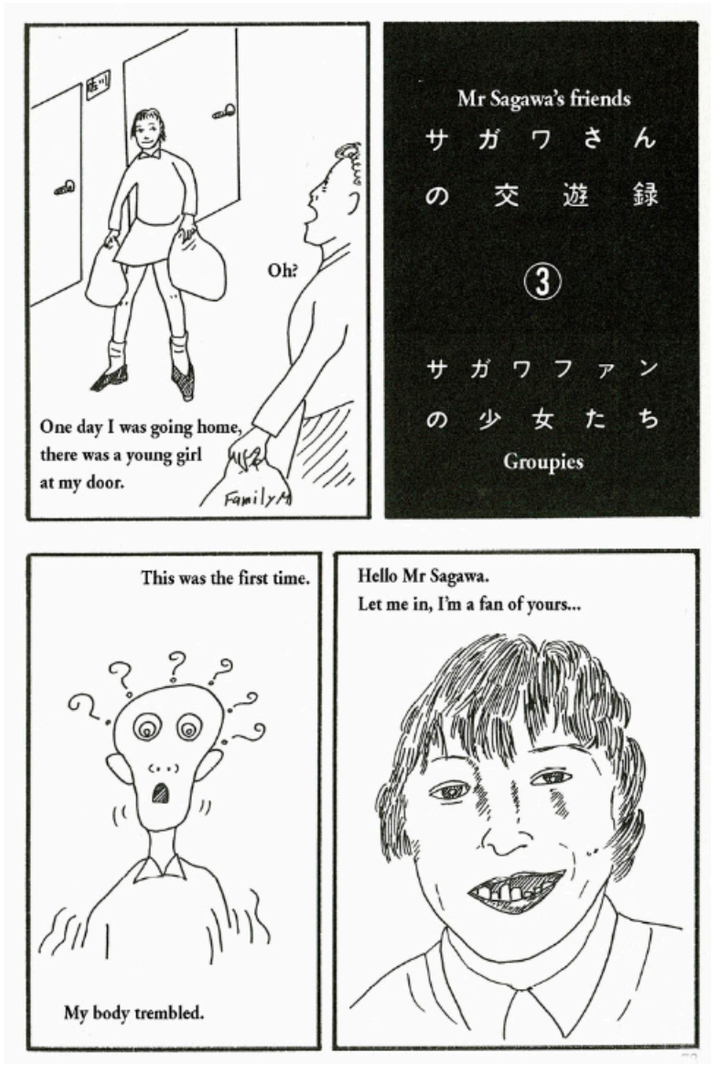

Why are you being so nice to me?
We pretended to practice boxing.
I was the target.
But I would like to settle in the German countryside, marry a beautiful woman and die of old age with her.
I can't remember much about our meeting at the café...
I went to Paris this summer.
I love Paris, it's a nice and romantic city.


We are back in Korakuen.
Slurp
Sayoko put her saliva on my ice cream and I licked it.
It had a hard on.
Don't you want to spend the next 40 years with me?
And most importantly, we went to a steak house.
She made me eat with chopsticks, like a baby.
But it was her meat that I wanted to eat.
There was music, lights flashing and she danced with clowns.

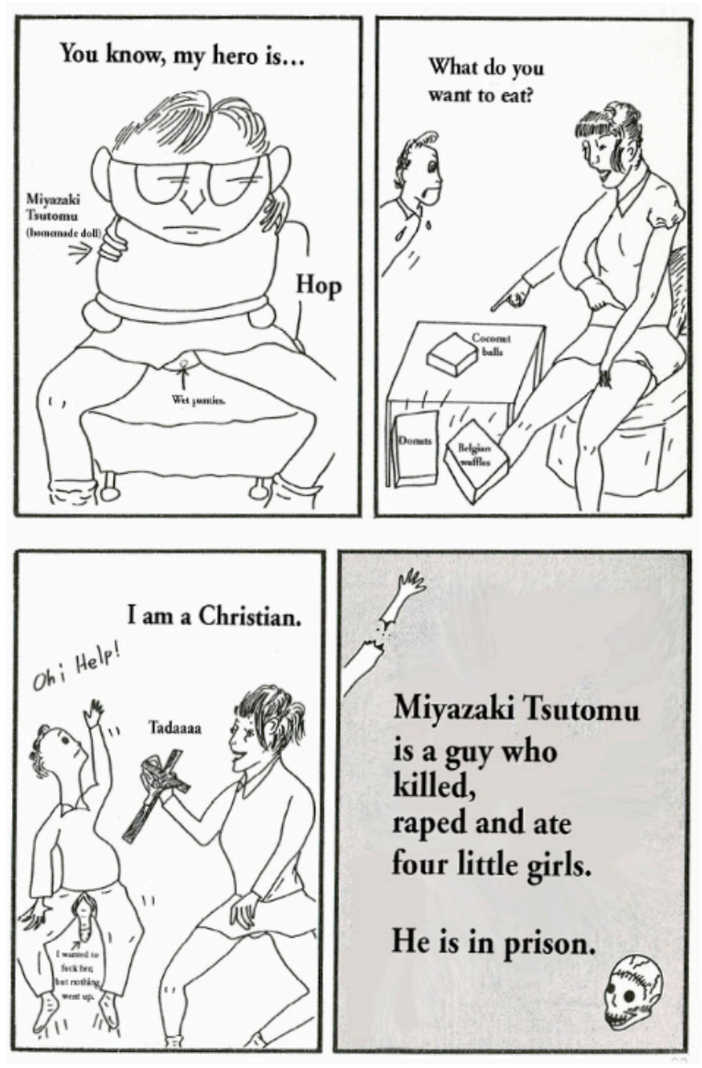

Cher. Monsieur Sagawa
Dear Mr. Sagawa. Thank you very much for your precious book. I read it with great interest. I understand the fantasy you keep buried in your heart. If in your dreams you lick my neck, thighs and bite my ass, please do. I will pretend not to see anything. You are the king of the land of dreams. Amano Sayoko.
Sayoko Amano
I love you ugly little man.
That's how two rejects of society fell in love.
After that, we were often seen together in Tokyo.
Suntory Hall
Opera evening
Always elegant.
Ooh, my dear Sayoko...

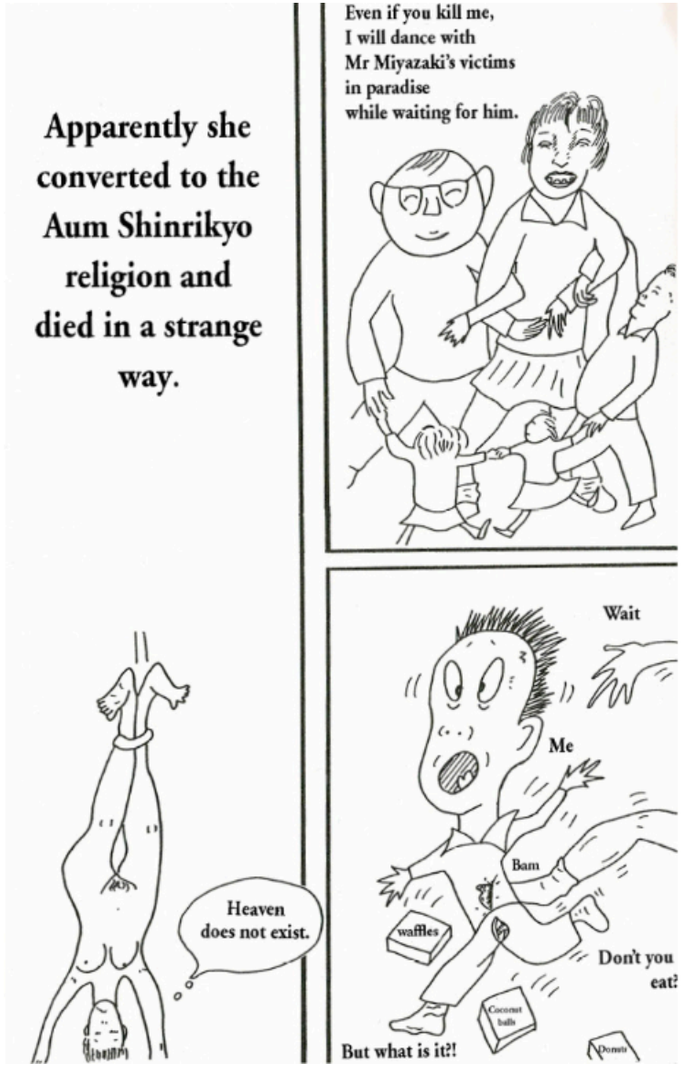
No, come to the ladies' room.
Go ahead, I'm waiting.
One day we stopped at the public restroom.
Women
Men
Men can also go to this toilet.
Ha!
Temporarily closed.
Sweet Sayoko, she was defecating and I imagined it was on me.
It's a bit embarrassing to ask, but have you ever tried scat?
Mumh


Mmh
Kiss
Bang!
Splash
Me in my fantasy.
She was shitting in my mouth, like after an enema or days of constipation. My face looked like a toilet!
Sometimes I made jokes on the phone...
I was still in love with her.
Hi hi hi, I want to eat good meat from Sayoko.
I was going crazy...
6 months later...
For various reasons, we had to break up.
Bitch!
Gardening
FLUSH
Dear Sayoko, miss your ass...


Oh?
One day I was going home, there was a young girl at my door.
Mr Sagawa's friends
サガワさんの交遊録
③
サガワファンの少女たち
Groupies
This was the first time.
My body trembled.
Hello Mr Sagawa.
Let me in, I'm a fan of yours...

I don't care!
Ah?
Kleenex
But you know I'm dangerous!
I could kill you and eat you.
I brought you some food.
Donuts
Belgian waffles
First test the meat.
It's been a while.


You know, my hero is...
Miyazaki Tsutomu (homemade doll)
Hop
Wet panties.
What do you want to eat?
Coconut balls
Donuts
Belgian waffles
I am a Christian.
Oh! Help!
Tadaaaa
I wanted to fuck her, but nothing went up.
Miyazaki Tsutomu is a guy who killed, raped and ate four little girls.
He is in prison.

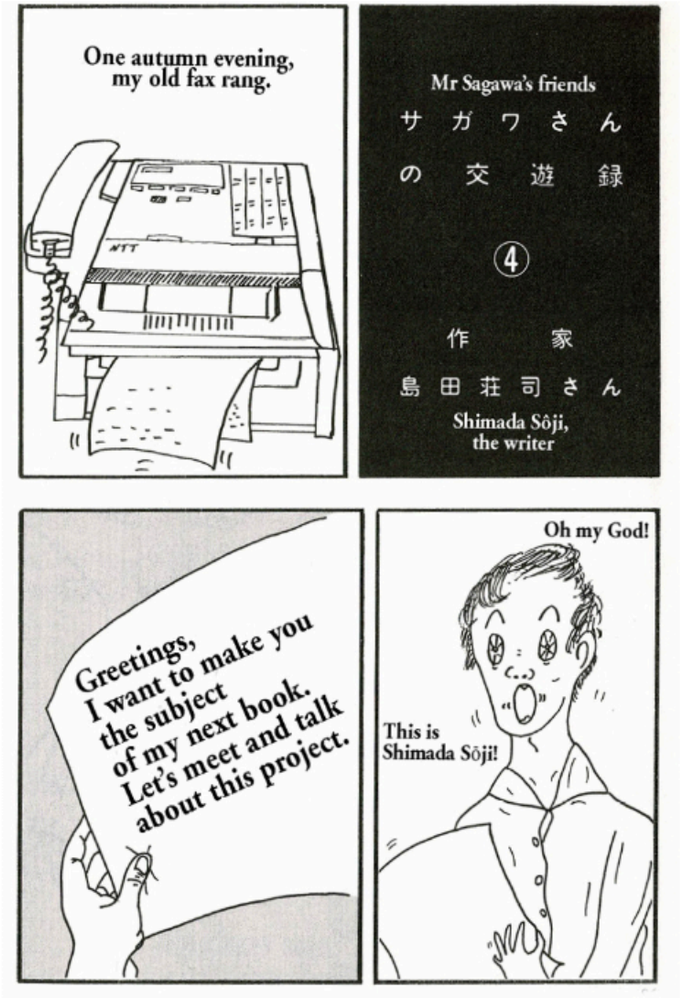

Apparently she converted to the Aum Shinrikyo religion and died in a strange way.
Even if you kill me, I will dance with Mr Miyazaki's victims in paradise while waiting for him.
Heaven does not exist.
Wait
Me
Bam
waffles
Don't you eat?
Coconut balls
Donuts
But what is it?!

She was a beautiful 17-year-old girl.
(Sparks in her eyes.)
Fresh and innocent!
I want to take a bath with you.
Then a young woman called me.
We went in my bathtub...
I was hard.
We kissed passionately.
First we drank a lot of wine.
(She was a minor.)
And she wanted to come to my house.

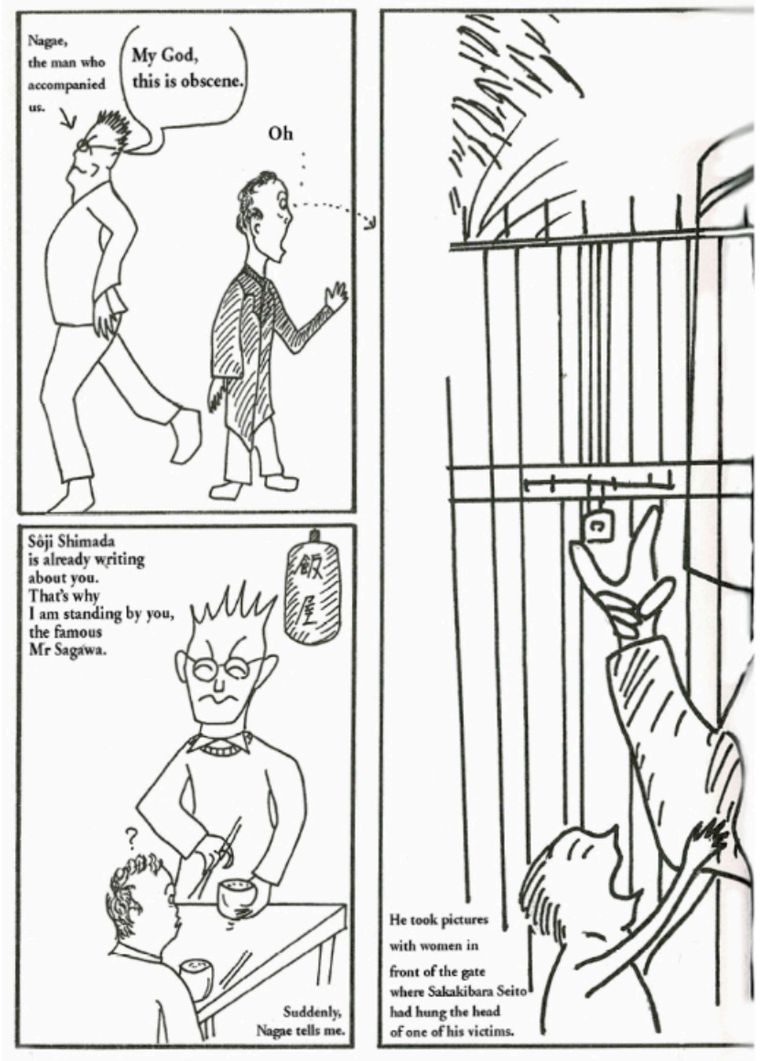
I fucked her...
(If you are a minor, like her, don't look.)
She peed on me, her holy water.
She was covered in butter...
In a fit of anger.
Ouch, that hurts.
Yum
He could have devoured me!
What if his father was a lunatic, like Ebisu Takanori!

Slurp
Slurp
But something scared me in her.
Her skin was white
The most amazing thing happened in the middle of the night. Her name was Sada, a real slut who loved to suck my dick.
No, Sada wants to empty you!!!
Please. Stop, I'm empty.

Aaarghh
Since then, my dick is half the size it used to be!


One autumn evening, my old fax rang.
Mr Sagawa's friends
サガワさんの交遊録
④
作家
島田荘司さん
Shimada Sôji, the writer
Greetings, I want to make you the subject of my next book. Let's meet and talk about this project.
Oh my God!
This is Shimada Sôji!

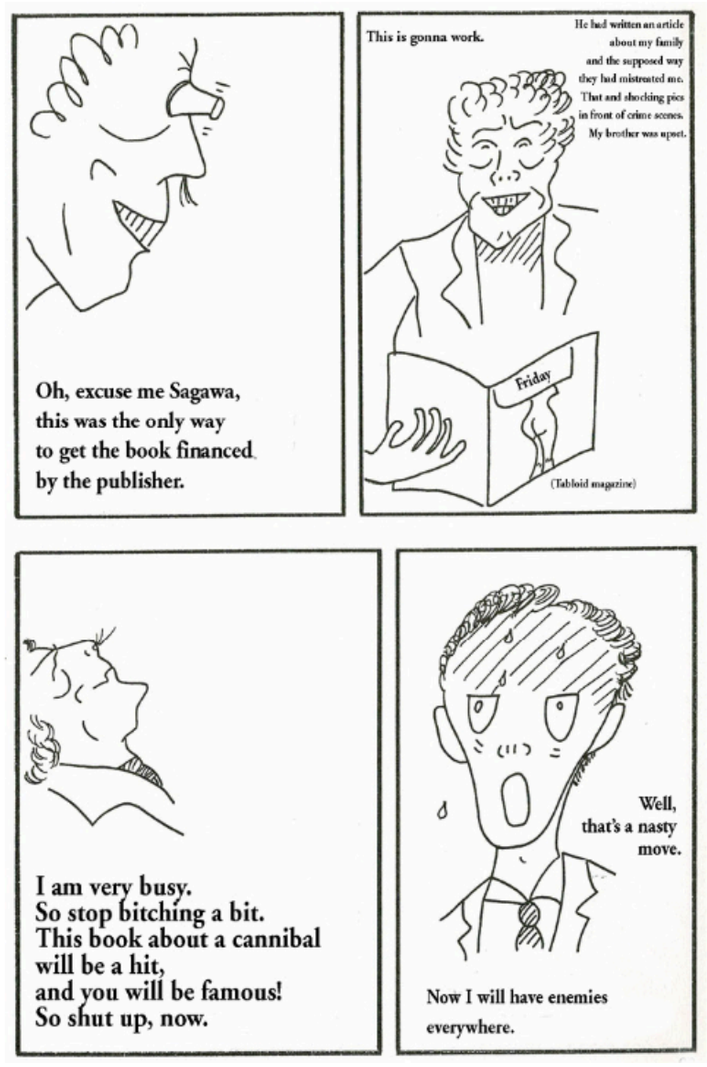
He had dead fish eyes.
My first impression...
I met him on August 24 in a café in Kichiôji.
He was scratching all the time.
Recognition comes to Sagawa when all seemed lost. (Old Japanese tune.)
Luck smiles on me.
By fax, he said he liked me but he was contemptuous during our meeting.
When he left, I saw his bald patch.
He walked fast.
I looked at him and tried to match him...
...to the idea I had of him.


Nagae, the man who accompanied us.
My God, this is obscene.
Oh
Sôji Shimada is already writing about you. That's why I am standing by you, the famous Mr Sagawa.
Suddenly, Nagae tells me.
He took pictures with women in front of the gate where Sakakibara Seito had hung the head of one of his victims.

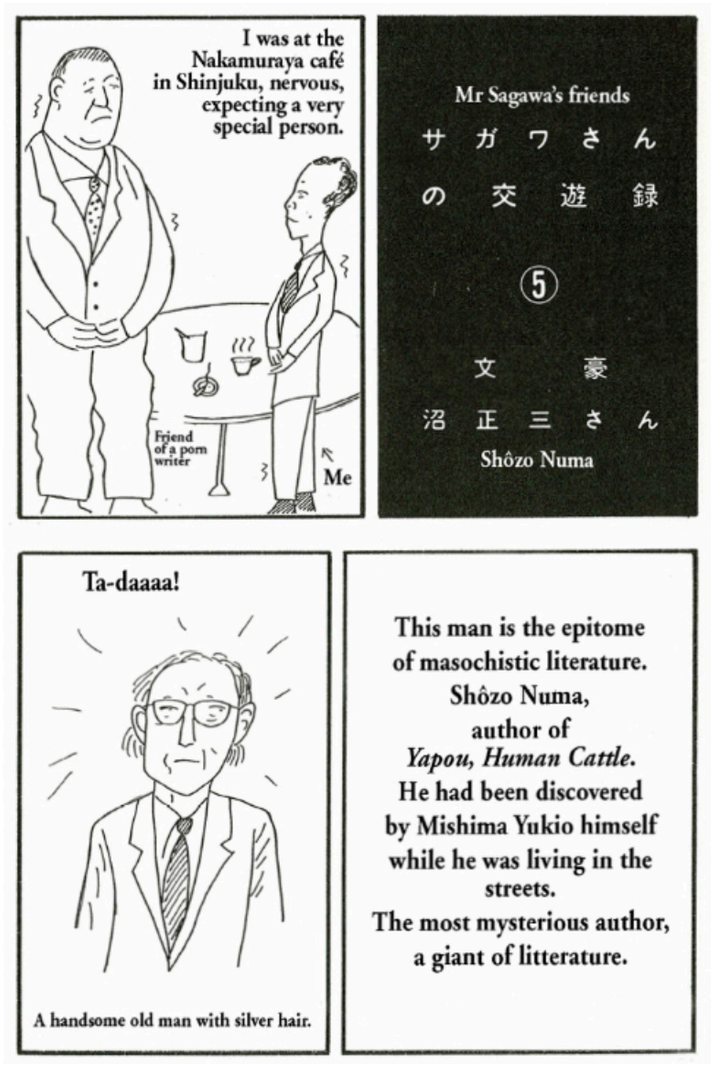
Every time women approached him.
Pervert
Hard on
Sometimes I would pick up business cards that the women gave him and I would call them.
Business card
Fuck me
Pussy to catch
Yes
Yes
Me too!

My phone rang, it was a male voice, that of Nagae, our assistant. He told me that something had happened with Shimada and that he could not come. He could not tell me anything. I was beginning to understand the true face of Shimada.
On the last night of my trip, I promised to talk to him. I was waiting for him in the hotel lobby.
"Do what you want. Go away if you want."
He fell on a chair afterwards.
And he said nothing...
A few hours later, Shimada finally returned.
Grump
Oh
His face had changed.

If you're so busy, maybe it wasn't worth coming with you. We could have met once or twice in Tokyo...
I was trying to stay calm.
Why am I here?
Shocked, I couldn't help but ask.
Let the priest bless you first.
Sagawa, shut up!
Shimada went crazy...

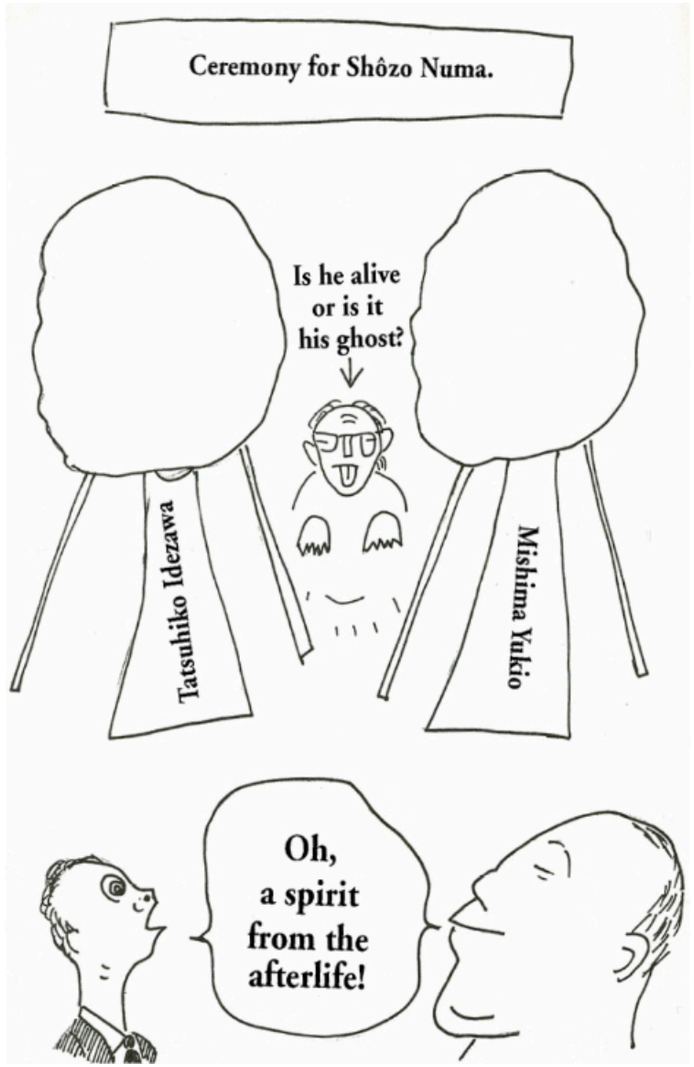

Oh, excuse me Sagawa,
this was the only way
to get the book financed
by the publisher.
This is gonna work.
He had written an article about my family and the supposed way they had mistreated me. That and shocking pics in front of crime scenes. My brother was upset.
Friday
(Tabloid magazine)
I am very busy.
So stop bitching a bit.
This book about a cannibal
will be a hit,
and you will be famous!
So shut up, now.
Well, that's a nasty move.
Now I will have enemies everywhere.

Nagae arrived, late.
"And you, if you dare go against me, you will never work in this field again."
Blackmail mode.
I will kill you and devour you, little man!!!
You just threw up, you must be hungry. Come on, we're having dinner.
And this is how Sôji Shimada left...
Shocked, Nagae vomited.
Barf


I was at the Nakamuraya café in Shinjuku, nervous, expecting a very special person.
Friend of a porn writer
Me
Mr Sagawa's friends
サガワさんの交遊録
⑤
文豪
沼正三さん
Shôzo Numa
Ta-daaaa!
A handsome old man with silver hair.
This man is the epitome of masochistic literature. Shôzo Numa, author of Yapou, Human Cattle. He had been discovered by Mishima Yukio himself while he was living in the streets. The most mysterious author, a giant of litterature.

It was theconcept of Germanism introduced by Nietzsche that inspired the peoples of northern Europe to follow Adolf Hitler…
He was talkative and boring…
We both greeted him at the same time.
Thud
Morons
Empire of Japan
"This little rascal loved to suck my dick."
"At that time I was a naval officer posted to Manchukuo. I met a boy named Kawayuri Chinkoro…"

When the tenant
went to the bathroom.
Women's
toilet.
Checking out!
Cheap alcohol
After the war,
when there was a shortage of food,
he ate the remains left by white people
and frequented cheap bars.
Today, fish
Poverty!
(Hungry stomach noises.)
And then he died in 1999!
He asked a girl
to strangle him during sex.
He did not survive.
Swallow
I became her bowl
and received her holy blessing.


Ceremony for Shôzo Numa.
Is he alive
or is it
his ghost?
Tatsuhiko Idezawa
Mishima Yukio
Oh,
a spirit
from the
afterlife!

Article from July 1st 2008. "*Comment j'ai mangé ma girlfriend*" - The story of the cannibal of Paris.

The case of the Japanese cannibal of Paris

I've never had a financial problem in my life. But despite what was reported in the French media after my arrest, I did not come from a middle-class family and when I was little, we lived in my father's apartment, and my parents were just employees. My father made a fortune later. But despite the limited means we had when I was born, I had

at my disposal a large collection of books for children from all over the world, then, during my adolescence, Japanese and international literature became part of my daily life, thanks to my parents. I never read manga, my friends read *Shônen Sunday* or *Shônen Magazine*, but I read Proust. In my generation, the post-war generation, there were a lot of orphans, and my parents employed a number of these young women to take care of me when I was little. I had health problems and so did my mother, so she couldn't take care of me properly. I couldn't swallow anything, so these women were trying to feed me. It could go on for hours, I had no appetite. I could have died.

My book *Kiri no naka* published on September 10, 1983.

It was this early childhood that gave me a taste for simple things. I received a very strict Catholic education, and I must admit that until I became an adult, I had never read an erotic book or seen a pornographic image.

1. Escape to Paris.

I went to study in Paris to escape from my parents and their influence. Despite the distance, my father tried to control me and had me go to the Paris headquarters of his company so that his employees could show me the workings of the business for the day I would take over. But I didn't want to. I was very absorbed by my studies, the

desire to fuck and the desire to eat the flesh of a beautiful woman, a fantasy that appeared in my early childhood. I have had occasions when I had invited girls into my home several times and had aimed at them for whole minutes with my rifle while they were sleeping, but I could not pull the trigger. So, I fucked them. I admit that some were prostitutes and that I spent a lot of money. So, regularly, I asked my father for money through Telex and he asked me what I was doing with these rather large sums. I said it was to buy me books, to study. In writing these lines, I realize how stupid I was back then and how much I abused the kindness of my parents.

Weekly Women article of July 6. The article detailed what I had done with some cool "Gekiga" style illustrations.

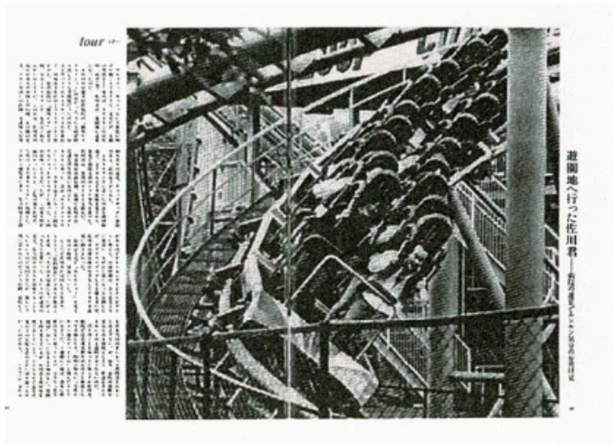
All this was the prologue of what had to happen. I couldn't make ends meet with my father's money alone, I also had to face my fantasies and find the courage to take action. So, yes, I enjoyed life with dad's money and then I decided to live the dream I had entertained for so long, to kill a woman and to eat her. It hit that cute little Dutch girl, and it shocked the world. And again, my dad couldn't help but step in. But despite his money, he couldn't get me out of prison, it's not possible in France. So, he made me sound crazy. The truth is, I was as sane as anybody. Let's just say he was able to grease the feet of the right people. And then, my father had to resign from his position as CEO and spent

a large part of his fortune to pay the Japanese judge, bribe people in France, and arrange with a Japanese psychiatric hospital to make my stay comfortable and not too long. It was the first time the Sagawa family had encountered this kind of problem. And then I wrote my first book which became a best-seller and I had money and income, and not just a little, so I was able to repay my father. Success was a wonderful thing, I must admit.

2. The psychopath

After spending some time in a psychiatric hospital in France, I was repatriated to Japan where I was once again locked up in a madhouse, the one in Matsuzawa. At first, for a few weeks, I was locked in my room, comfortable, but locked up. Fortunately, I was able to be transferred to a large open room where I could do pretty much what I wanted. I could go out, go into the garden, the big park and even talk to fans who came along the fence. Right next to the men's quarter was the women's. One day I was walking in the park, a woman who looked like Yumi Kaoru beckoned me to join her. I watched as no one saw me and I passed the women's side through the open wood where I often went. We walked hand in hand for a while and then, as she approached me, she bit my ear to the blood. When I screamed that it hurt, she told me the blood was delicious and I should taste it, so she kissed me deeply, her mouth full of my blood. I was gonna fuck her when a nurse showed up,

so the girl ran. The caregiver asked me if I was okay, seeing my ear, she told me to stay away from this girl, that she was crazy and had already ripped out (off) the ears of four patients.



June 28 *Focus magazine* article. If you look carefully, you will see me, Mr. Sagawa, in the roller coaster car. It was a year after I returned to Japan, a date with the shrink hospital.

Shortly thereafter, I called a hotel in Shinjuku, Washington, to book a room and managed to book a white prostitute through a friend. She was a very young Portuguese woman who was studying. We made love for a long time and during the act, I shouted that I wanted to eat her. When we were done, she told me that she had heard that in France, a Japanese had really eaten a girl and that the Japanese men were really weird. After that, I took a taxi to go to a "soapland", a brothel where we get soap from girls before we fuck them. I chose an American girl with very white skin. While she was sucking me, I had to interrupt the festivities by telling her to finish me very quickly and that I had to go home because I was going to be late. When she asked me where my home was, I said it was the mental hospital. I did get home late and was denied a day out for a week. A few weeks later, I was allowed to leave the hospital and went home to my parents. As soon as I got out, I bought myself white prostitutes and spent my life in Love Hotels. My father, who was always highly respected by his collaborators, had found an important position in his former company and money was no longer a problem. They put me in a comfortable room in their new house.

I started asking my father for money again, and he accepted, and I spent it on prostitutes. It was at this time that I met Barbara, an American blonde with milky white skin. We spent our nights watching documentary videos and making love. But my parents, when I told them about it, started locking my bedroom door so I wouldn't go out at night. Like in the movies, I made a rope tying my sheets and blankets together and I ran out the fourth-floor window. I continued my relationship with Barbara and we decided to settle down together. Of course, not in my parents' house but in a small apartment in Manazaru, near Yokohama. Of course, the place was paid for by my father. So we spent our nights in the clubs and bars of Harajuku and Roppongi and ate in the best restaurants in the city. I never felt so free in my life! The cannibal son was happy.

Focus magazine article.
March 24, 1986. Photo taken at an Akasaka restaurant in Tokyo.

Four and a half years in prison. I know it doesn't seem like a long time, but for me it seemed like an eternity. On my way out, I went to Shaba and ate Udon noodles and eel

for the first time in a long time. My frail body trembled with happiness. The world around me was shining brightly and for some strange reason I was rejoicing as I walked through the crowd. I fell back on fashionable places like Harajuku or Roppongi that I despised before. In fact, these are neighborhoods where there are a lot of strangers so I looked at the white women around me, they were like bright shooting stars that I wanted to catch to sublimate my existence. I had a good time with them. For example, I found a prostitute agency that offered European girls, I ordered a Dutch girl, blonde, and I invited her to a Love Hotel in Shibuya. I had prepared a videotape with an anthology of horror movies where beautiful girls get eaten by monsters and zombies. Thinking that I might be able to repeat my feat with Renée, I had bought a "Yanagi" knife and, during the evening, I took it out and walked behind her to stab her. I wanted to eat her flesh. But the movie that was playing really scared her and she turned to me. I dropped the knife and I listened to her speak, I saw the shining tip of the blade at my feet and I wanted to stick it in her throat.

I didn't kill her and we kept seeing each other, along with other white girls I was paying and Japanese girls who just wanted to sleep with me because I was famous. At that time, I used to fuck all the time, I loved oral sex and I could get sucked 5 or 6 times during the day by different girls. Magazines often followed me and took pictures of me with my conquests or the whores I dated. So my father saw this and kicked me out immediately. He even tried to have me committed again. The hospitals no longer wanted me, so I was free... but without money. I moved in with a painter friend near Manazaru, where I had moved in with Barbara. He taught me painting and made me his student. But my

deep nature took over when a beautiful American woman came up to me and said she loved what I had done and wanted to have sex with me. I wanted to keep her with me, but I didn't have the money to live independently and my father wouldn't talk to me. So I got close to a Yakuza gang and offered to help them. I went into money laundering for them. I bought sewing machines and synthesizers on credit, he paid me in dirty money and I sold the items and then gave them the money minus my commission. The money came in and I was able to support my blonde and pay for a lot of whores.

Article in the magazine *Focus.* January 26, 1986.

Mister Sagawa was seen in gallant company near Mito.

I was starting from scratch. Sometimes being at the bottom of the hole gives you resources to bounce back. But I still nearly lost my life several times by making some poor choices with the Yakuza. One day, a local gang official invited me to lunch. When I saw him coming, I found that he looked like Tsuruta Koji, the actor who played in the ´60s turnips and still played Yakuza. I told him and he got pissed off. He yelled at me and said he could cut me into pieces right now. Then he put a toothpick in his mouth and sucked it. At the same time, Princess Diana and Prince Charles were on TV. He told me I was doing a good job and that he would let me live this time. The Yakuza told me that he knew who I was and that it was immoral to have killed and eaten a woman. I was watching Diana…

"Hello, do you have any Dutch for me?"

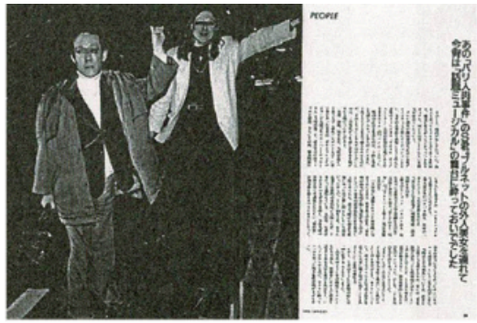
3. Women

After that, I realized that this work with the mafia was perhaps not sustainable and that it entailed certain risks. So I bought the Asahi Shunbun newspaper every day to look at the job offers. I went to the employment agency, too, it sucked. As I had degrees, I looked at vacant teacher places even though I knew that with my past, it could be complicated. I started working in a restaurant where I was washing dishes, but my poor physical condition did not allow me to stay there. Finally, I had an interview to be a teacher and the director decided to hire me, probably not knowing who I was. But on the first day, the teachers threatened to all resign if I stayed in this school and alert the press and parents. The director, feeling sorry for me, introduced me to a friend of his who was the director of a computer company. I just had to master word processing, which I didn't, so he sent me to intensive training in Osaka to take the job. But since I've always been terrible with machines, I was assigned to the courier service and I subcontracted for Japanese publishers who sent letters to foreign publishers to offer to translate their books. I had to translate into French, German and English and I was able to make some money. But this job was really useless and uninteresting. When the office was empty, I would watch horror videos on their huge TV and masturbate on my colleagues' desks.

Touch magazine article. October 10, 1988. *"It rained a lot in Roppongi and I walked behind a little man with an umbrella in my hand. I had an interview scheduled. But when I looked at this stranger, I realized that he was Issei Sagawa, the cannibal from Paris, so I asked him for an interview. People recognized him, it was strange."*

The publisher who published my book *Kiri no nana* had left the world of books for the world of cinema and had contacted me again to do translations of films in order to make subtitles. I was able to make even more money and take a nice apartment. Fans also sent me donations so that I could improve my living situation. I found myself a beautiful blonde American girl, a student at Sophia University, and we settled together. But one day, she disappeared without a trace and I went looking for her, I was desperate. I put up flyers everywhere near college. I had taken her home in a taxi one day and went to see if she had returned. It was a small, dirty, messy apartment inhabited by Americans and Australians. There were about a dozen people who smoked grass and smelled of sweat, including two "*n*ggers*". One day, a journalist from Touch recognized me in the street, near Roppongi, he offered me an interview that we started, but I told her I had to go because I was going to Fujisawa with my brother and my girlfriend Connie to see a classical music concert. The guy followed us in a taxi and arrived near the concert hall, my brother caught him and beat the crap out of him. I took the opportunity to kick him. Then we went to see the West Side Story concert. When the article came out, my new girlfriend, Connie, yelled at me because I told her I was a writer...

Article by *Touch*, April 19, 1988. In front of a noisy room, people are busy and hurry back to see the West Side Story concert at Kosei Nenkin Hall and there it is there. A fluffy, ugly little man with a tall, beautiful Western woman. A lot of people in the audience recognized him and some look terrified. Photo by Yamaguchi Masahiko.



After the concert, I went with her to an Arabic restaurant in the Akasaka district and we talked about what had just happened. I thought she was going to leave me but no, she agreed to come with me to Hokkaido for the snow vacation we had planned. We had a great stay, but when we got back, I was broke. Some time later, a Colombian friend of Connie's told her Japanese husband who I was. During a meal with friends, he mentioned the passage in my book where I talk about the moment when I remove Renée's tampon after killing her. Connie yelled at me and said it was probably because of me that she had all her mental problems and took the opportunity to tell me that she suspected me of cheating on her. That was true. We separated and I found myself in an impossible situation, without money and soon without a roof over my head. I had to go back to my father's house, under conditions, and I was able to find some comfort. I had a little bit of money left to reimburse the Yakuza I was working for and my dad took care of it. I promised him I would leave him alone if he bought me an apartment near the beach and gave me a nice amount of money. He agreed.

4. Time is a bubble.

The times following my move were difficult times. I survived on my father's budget and ate very little. I was even skinnier than usual. I survived by doing some translations for subtitles of French and American films, and my daily life was much less fun than I would have liked. But an event took place which would change everything. A boy named Miyazaki Tsutomu kidnapped, raped, and ate four little girls, and all of a sudden, the media turned to me to comment on it and ask me what I thought about this strange person for whom I had some sympathy. So I asked the media to pay me to talk about the case and I started making a very decent living again. Well, I was just talking nonsense, but they were happy. Regularly I received compliments from readers of some magazines but also death threats and lawsuits from associations of victims, the big mafia of crybabies. From then on, the manuscripts that I sent, without success, to the publishers, were in high demand by the major publishing houses and I began writing articles for some magazines. Soon after, a great publisher gave me a book offer and I was able to reconnect with success and fame. No more shitty jobs at 300 yen an hour and no more checks for millions. In 1990, an Italian film company released a film called *Ritual de amor*, which was inspired by me and my fleshly relationship with Renée.

September 9, 1989. *Weekly Gendai* magazine. Tired of writing bullshit for tabloids, I want to publish real literature.

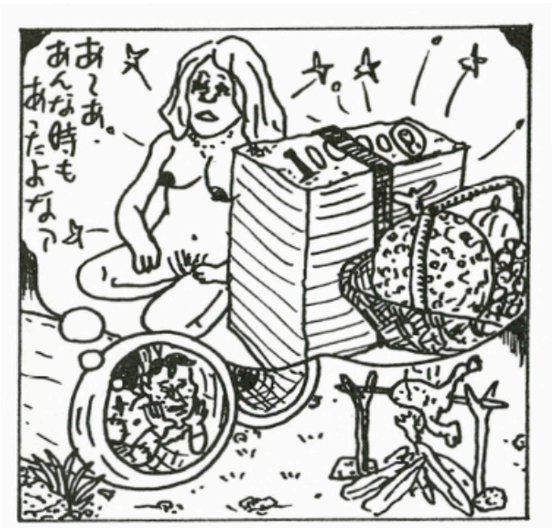
The Italians asked me if I could help them promote their film through a large Japanese production company. It was the *Space Battleship Yamato* producer himself who contacted me and invited me to eat at an excellent Akasaka

meat restaurant. He's been arrested by the police for possession of drugs since then. A black limo picked me up at my place and drove me to the meeting place. There were important people from the film world and some more or less honest promoters including a Yakuza that I recognized immediately. Next to my plate was a big envelope full of big bills and a contract. I just looked at the numbers on the papers that were supposed to commit me and sign without really reading it. When I left, I was offered a big basket full of very expensive fruits including huge green melons. A beautiful secretary walked me home but refused my advances, too bad. I had a dream about her when I came home, and I imagined the steak I ate at the restaurant was a piece of her ass. The promotion of the film began, and my new book was released. I was seen everywhere on TV, talking about my business and my fantasies and, of course, Father Sagawa came back to challenge me. He attacked my editor Shogakukan and the production company. It was during this period that the editor Byakuya Shôbo contacted me, interested in my texts and photos.

Article in the newspaper *Goro*.
October 26, 1989.

After that, I received many proposals. I wrote short stories and essays on sex and cannibalism and organized photo shoots. As I was very bad at technique, I paid for the help of a professional assistant who adjusted the cameras and developed the film, but also typed my texts. This is where a crooked German porn producer I would call "E" brought me this beautiful Danish girl. I fucked her in the studio under the amused eye of "E" who took me in sympathy. So, regularly, he took me white, German, Swedish, Dutch

beauties, for photo shoots and I got sucked as much as I wanted by these beauties to whom I promised fame. I had to quickly learn that “E” was just a clothes salesman and a pimp who picked up Caucasian girls in the streets of Tokyo to make them turn tricks or take pictures with crooks like me. They were all in irregular situations and he greased the cops’ paws to avoid trouble. Anyway, I was able to enjoy it and make beautiful photos while fucking dozens of white girls for free.

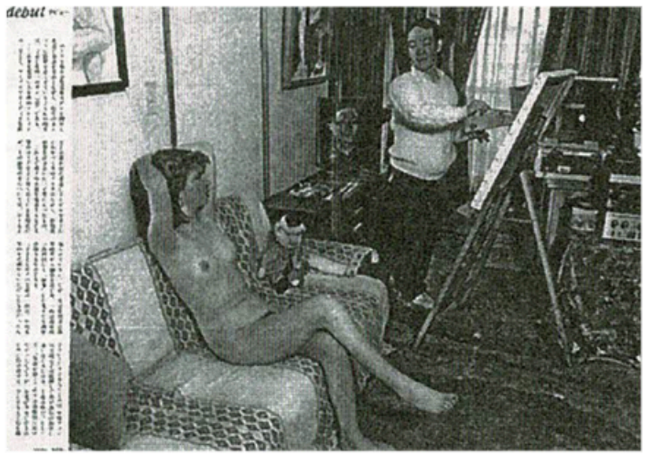


"Aaah, I still would have liked to eat them."

5. Since childhood

I am a very bad painter and a poor illustrator. So how did I get the revelation of my little talent? Well, it started with this Danish girl that fat German “E” brought me and this ultra-flashy photo that I made of her. I saw saturated colors and the possibility of making it into a painting that could make an illusion, and it worked. Thank you for bringing me “miss Denmark”, old Kraut. His 3-day beard and sweat still disgusts me. But he liked me. And he introduced me to all these beautiful girls, including Anne. She was Danish and incredibly beautiful, blond hair, blue eyes, milky white skin and deep round eyes. I repeated myself when I heard “*you can do whatever you want with her*”. At that time, I made lots of porn pictures for magazines and spent my time photographing close-ups of sex. When I saw her having sex with another girl while I was taking pictures, I thought it would be great to be able to join them. But they refused,

they didn't even want to suck me. So I asked them how much money they wanted to have sex with me. It was "E" who intervened in the discussion and negotiated things. "*How much can you give to fuck them*"? I told him I only wanted Anne.



Focus magazine. January 10, 1992.
My workshop and my beautiful Caucasian women.

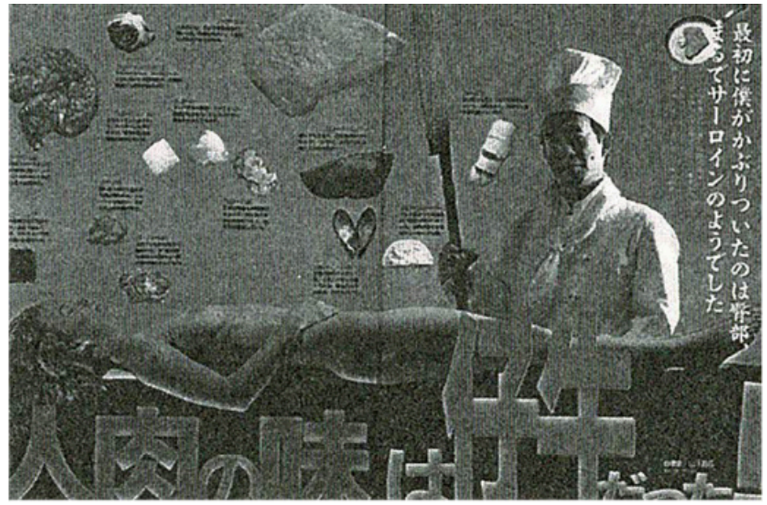
- 50,000 yen.
- What? Are you kidding me? You think you can fuck such a beauty for that price?
- So how much?
- 300,000 yen.
- What, but it's a fortune
- Okay, if you can't afford it, come on, Anne, let's go home.
- Okay, okay, I'll pay.

She had a beautiful face, fleshy buttocks that awakened my cannibalistic instincts. I took her to the hotel, fucked her a dozen times. Then we went to Disneyland, we had a great time and I spent almost everything I had. But to be with such beauty and display myself with her, I was willing to lose everything and spend every penny. You may think I'm crazy, but I think it's better to live intense moments and lose everything than to lead a boring, mundane existence. One evening, I invited them - "E" and Anna - to eat in an ultra-chic French restaurant, and this fat German pig didn't have a jacket, so he couldn't get in and had to go home. I found myself alone with my beauty.

Focus magazine, February 23, 1994. Sagawa retrospective, 13 years after the murder. Issei with a Danish beauty.

Hehe. Did the mark on her butt hurt? Can I bite it? Well, she was okay with some SM stuff if I paid 50,000 more yen. We had dinner first and went to a nice hotel. I am a good masseur so I made her happy and then, I licked her thighs, they had the same pink color as cherry wine. I bit her and it caused blood to rise in her vessels, I wanted to sink my teeth in full but I was also afraid to find myself in police custody or worse, that this fat "E" pig would come and break my face. I asked her to pee in a nice crystal glass, and I drank it in front of her frightened eyes. I looked at her pink sex and I licked her, she smelled a little of urine, it was very pleasant. Then she swallowed my little cucumber and plunged it down her throat. I bit her ass after I fucked her for hours. Then we had to split up. I asked her if we could meet again, but she said she had to go back to Denmark the next day. She kissed me and left. The next day, "E" threatened me with a minion and asked me to pay him a million dollars for sleeping with Anna without her consent. It took me two months to find the money and I paid him.

"You won't fuck her for 30.000, man."



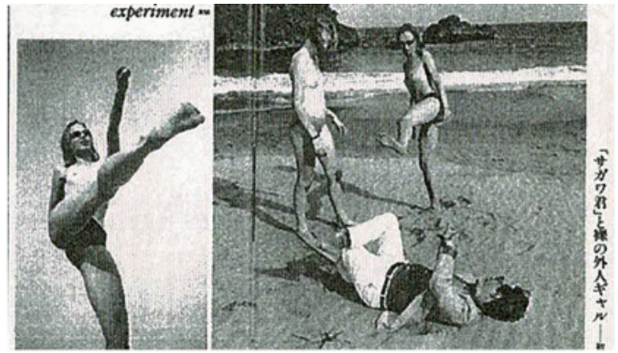
Gon magazine, August 20, 1994. The 5 people Sagawa would love to eat: actress Takatori Manan, model Hiroko Griss, Brooke Shields, tennis player Helena Sukova and journalist Kodaira Keiko.

6. "E" called me.

He told me to meet him in a restaurant in Kabukichô, Tokyo's hot zone. When I got there, he was sitting next to a beautiful white woman. She said *"hi Shin-san"*, it was my nickname for some time in the porn business. "E" said to me: *"Sagawa, look! It's Rhonda, look at this rack, she has beautiful teeth"*. He joked a lot about it, it's true that porn

actresses often have rotten teeth. I grabbed Rhonda's hand to kiss her, it was thin, white and cold. She was rather tall as a woman and wore a simple white T-shirt that highlighted her curves. I wanted to dive into it to taste it, penetrate it. After having dined at the Fugetsudo, we went to a German brewery in Shinjuku on the orders of "E", who found there some compatriots who were already quite drunk. They started drinking beer and singing in German and I sat there with Rhonda. I asked her if she was tired and if she wanted to go home. She said yes, and I asked for her address to walk her home. She declined my invitation but wrote me her phone number on a paper towel. A few days later, "E" asked me if I could paint Rhonda naked, that he would pay me for it.

Focus magazine, September 25, 1996. Photos of Suzanne, American, Ingrid, Dutch, and the little Japanese writer. The publisher had not given his consent to film on porn shootings and the fat German was asking for too much money.
But my beach photos are pretty.



He gave me the 50,000 yen in an envelope and I saw Rhonda's smile behind him. She was beautiful, I smiled at her too. The story could have ended there and everything would have been boring and uneventful. Rhonda had come with a friend, very young, I learned that she was just 18 years old, blonde and with splendid blue eyes. Rhonda was Canadian but her friend, Thalia, was Australian, certainly of northern European origin, judging by her morphology. Thalia's face was very hard, closed and without tenderness, she did not smile at all. The only thing that came out of her mouth was "*I hate Sharon Stone*" when I talked about the actress and her last role. They came back a few days later to pose naked in my workshop. That day, Thalia smiled

and seemed very happy. I think it was mostly the money I gave her that made her happy. White women are like that. Rhonda's skin was ivory, white and pink. Taking advantage of this beautiful contrast, I laid them both on my bed and hugged them. Then I drew them. I wanted to do a Courbet composition but with a lesbian touch. After that we became very close and went together to Disneyland and the hot springs. I paid for everything and they took advantage of it, but they demanded a room for them and refused to sleep with me. Again, my finances began to suffer, I spent 2 million yen, so I spent half of my savings.

But the two pretty girls asked me to go to Canada together. Of course, I accepted. It was the first time I had ever been there. We went to Toronto, the hometown of Rhonda. We toured the haute couture stores where I bought them nice clothes, and stayed in nice hotels, I paid for everything. I was ruining myself financially but I could walk on the arms of two beautiful blond girls and that was priceless. We walked all over town, we took a boat, I blew everything I had and after all that, I didn't even fuck them. Once, they sucked me after buying a Hermes bag on my account… Yet, they were banging everything that moved, especially the n*groes. I started to get scared when Thalia suggested that the three of us go to India to have fun. I was out of money.

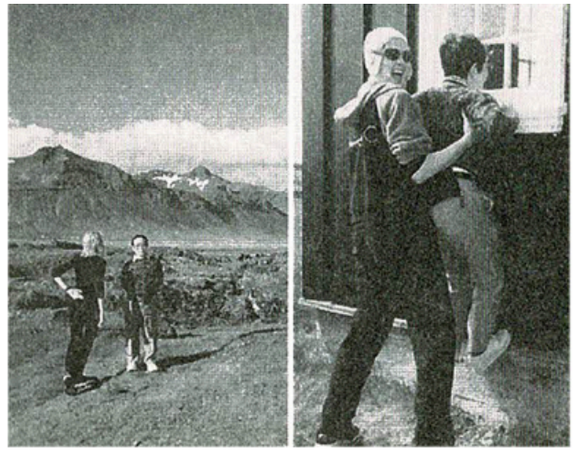
Until now, I had known only developed countries such as Japan, France and Canada, but when I heard the name of

India, this underdeveloped and dirty country, I hesitated for a long time. But unable to resist the magnificent eyes of Thalia, I accepted. I booked a luxury hotel in Bombay and followed the directions of a Japanese tourist guide to avoid gurus and tourist traps. When we arrived at Bombay airport, everything was stinky and brown, dirty and degraded, I didn't expect any better. But when we arrived at the hotel, things were very different, the lobby was spacious, it was clean, the carpets were thick and immaculate and the chandeliers were splendid. All the clients were old, windy westerners who looked very rich. When we arrived, the receptionist told us that our reservation had not been registered and that she only had suites to rent. Despite my savings melting like snow in the sun, I took the royal suite with its large beds and comfortable sofas. Rhonda and Thalia's eyes were shining and when I paid the bill before I went upstairs, they grabbed my genitals, which was a good sign. The suite was huge and the beds spread in two wings, the girls took the beds side by side and I, the largest, from the living room. When we arrived, Rhonda had room service bring us tea and sweets and went for a bath. She kissed me on the mouth for the first time, I was super excited.

Thalia.

I didn't know how much this kiss would cost me in the end but I was so happy that I was willing to give everything. On the third day, we went to Oudaibuah on the recommendations of Thalia. There was a large white palace on a body of water, it was quite beautiful compared to the

dirt of the country. It made me think of a movie set, like for a James Bond, I even wondered if this was where a scene of Octopussy takes place. In the evening, at the hotel, Rhonda asked me to give her the money for safe keeping, I had to take a lot of cash because nobody took the credit card. I gave her a big envelope full of dollars and yen. The plan was to go to Goa after that, a town known for being a drug town frequented mostly by hippies. We took a taxi and walked for 6 hours, slept in a seedy hotel in Mumbai and finally arrived in Goa. The place was really beautiful, tropical forests and a beautiful hotel, the best rated in the country, with western service and a huge pool. We tasted local specialities, ate a lot, fucked a little, but I saw the most beautiful sunsets of my life and could admire the Indian Ocean. But the real horror was at the end of the journey...



After an hour's taxi ride we arrived in a city full of tourist shops, all lined up on a main avenue. Rhonda and Thalia rushed, the money envelope in hand, and started shopping. Carpets, perfumes, jewelry, clothes, everything was good for spending my money. There, the girls asked me if I had the tickets for their return. They had to go back to Los Angeles for a porn shoot and, of course, they had no money to buy it. Thalia showed me a credit card she had stolen in California and told me to go buy the tickets with it because she was afraid of being noticed and in trouble. I asked them to return the envelope with the money, it had

decreased considerably, I bought their damn tickets and I returned to Japan, broke and with my tail between my legs. I went back to my family and was scared shitless of my father's reaction. I told him that my trip to India taught me something, that money can't buy everything. Despite everything, I asked him for an extension to pay the few debts I had left. Some time later, I received a fax from Thalia telling me that she had learned everything about my past from a mutual Japanese friend and that she was thinking of selling her story with me to *Focus* magazine.

"Mmm, I think that your white wife is a little narcissistic."

Why do I spend so much on white women? Of course, this is a very difficult question that no one can answer, I think. Is it because I killed one of them and I want to make amends by spoiling the others? Do I dare not think about my own condition as a psychopath and drown myself in this madness for white women? Anyway, I feel like I'm drifting into an ocean without a shoreline that I could never get out of. I don't know.

Most of you think that I have a real obsession with Caucasian women and that I have always done everything possible to have them in my bed and around me. That was true in the years following my discharge from the psychiatric hospital. But after that, the complex personalities of Rhonda and Thalia satiated me a little. I just got in touch with them from time to time and remembered our good times. Just knowing that they kept me in a corner of their hearts made me happy. I don't regret everything I've done for them, all the money I've spent. Of course, my sexual desire for them remained in suspense and I can't say that we had fun in bed, but I know that they will find their happiness somewhere and that's enough for me. Anyway, I could never forget them, they are part of me.

Of course, it is difficult to live the life one would like all the time, it is the essence of life to be in conflict with others and with oneself. In those moments, I feel very sad and angry at myself. But for these two girls, they entered my heart and still remain there. To be honest, I even have the feeling of a deep relationship with them, even in my daily sexual fantasies, I did not expect that. I don't have a wife, I don't have a sister, so they must have slipped into a hole in my heart and moved in. They mean more to me than my blood family. Last summer, Thalia came back to Japan with a friend, she was coming for a shoot. We met

quickly. Then Rhonda contacted me, she was also in Japan and wanted to see me. I didn't have much money at the time, and I had to find some. She wanted me to take her to Iceland. I had 200,000 yen on my account, that's not much, but I managed to persuade my father with a sob story I made up and he gave me 600,000 yen. I was able to buy the tickets and we went to Iceland. Beautiful nature, clean air, beautiful scenery and clean cities, a real dream.

"Oh, Mr. Sagawa fell off his horse."

I was perfectly happy with the impression that this was perhaps the last time in my life. Thalia came to join us the day after we arrived, I was thrilled. I gave her my credit card and somehow, it worked, she was spending as she wanted, my dad had to deal with my problems. Of course, I felt better than in India, the country was beautiful and I was with my two darlings Thalia and Rhonda. I could have died after that.

When I returned from Iceland, I contacted a lawyer to declare myself bankrupt and to ask for social benefits. In fact, my card had worked because Thalia had taken a credit out of my account and had drained me close to a million yen. The lawyer told me that I could not declare myself bankrupt because of the expenses I had incurred these months and it was my father who had to pay off this huge debt. My father cut off my credits and the comfortable pension he paid me every month. That's when Rhonda called me, she had to go back to Canada the next day and

wanted me to come to Narita airport to spend the night with me. She needed me to lend her 70,000 yen too. Panic…

I had a friend who ran a discount ticket shop where you could buy train, plane, movie or museum tickets at discounted prices. But she also took advantage of this and bought back things that people didn't want to use, like train cards. I had kept a copy of my parents' apartment keys and I knew my father had several credit cards and transport cards. I knew because one day, when he had come to pick me up in a taxi after a mess I had had at Shinjuku at night, I had stolen his wallet from him. There were about 180,000 yen in it and 3 credit cards. I kept the cash and threw the cards on the side of the road, to piss him off. The next day, he called me and told me that his wallet had been stolen, wondering if it was me. I told him a big lie as I used to and told him that he must have lost it between Manazuru and Yokohama during one of his many trips.

This time, my goal was to steal one of his credit cards or several transport tickets to resell them. I went to my parents' house and snuck home with my keys. I stole her JCB card and went to the ticket store to buy a train ticket to Narita, but the saleswoman replied that I could not buy by credit card, only in cash. So I called a JR company number to try to buy a ticket over the phone, but the salesman didn't understand and hung up on me. Fortunately, there was a travel agency in the station.

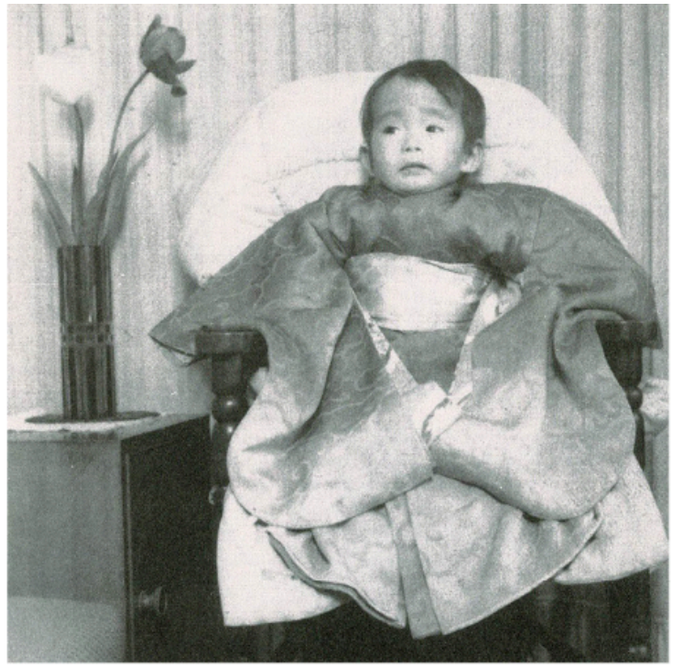
I bought an organized travel ticket worth 730,000 yen, a nice sum, and went back to the ticket shop to sell it and get cash. I couldn't withdraw that much with my father's JCB. I tried in an agency but the teller looked at me funny and asked for my papers. Seeing that it was another name, he refused. At the store, it was a big man of fifty years who was behind the counter. He refused to buy me the tour package and asked me to leave. I was terrified to tell Rhonda I had no money. I tried one last shop and they agreed to buy it back for 40% of its price. I took the money and went to join my beloved with 450,000 yen in my pocket, I could give her the 70,000 and spend the night with her. We took a luxury hotel and dined at a nice restaurant and the next day the money was all spent.

- You know that I fuck whenever I want.
- Wow, great…

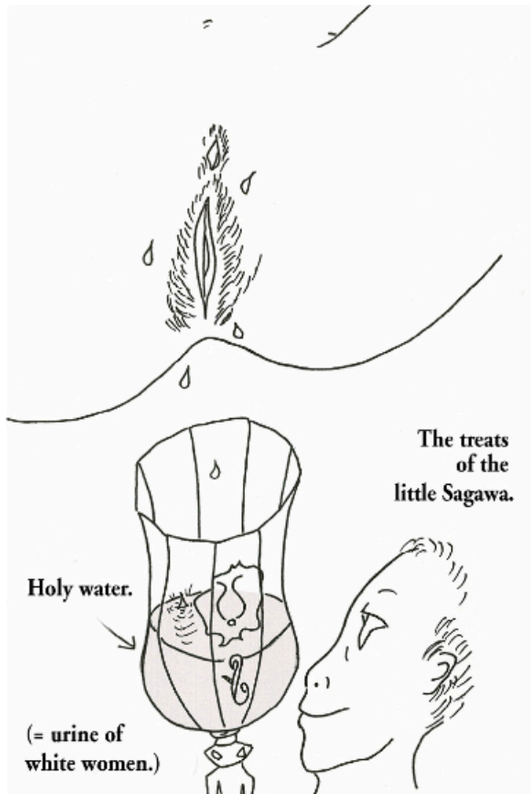
I did the same operation shortly after and recovered 300,000 yen. Thalia had joined me and wanted to go to Mexico, she promised to sleep with me if I paid her the ticket, so that's what I did. Rhonda had already returned to Canada. I had barely 100,000 yen left to live and for me now, it was out of the question to travel abroad. Soon after, I was contacted by a crooked BDSM producer who wanted me

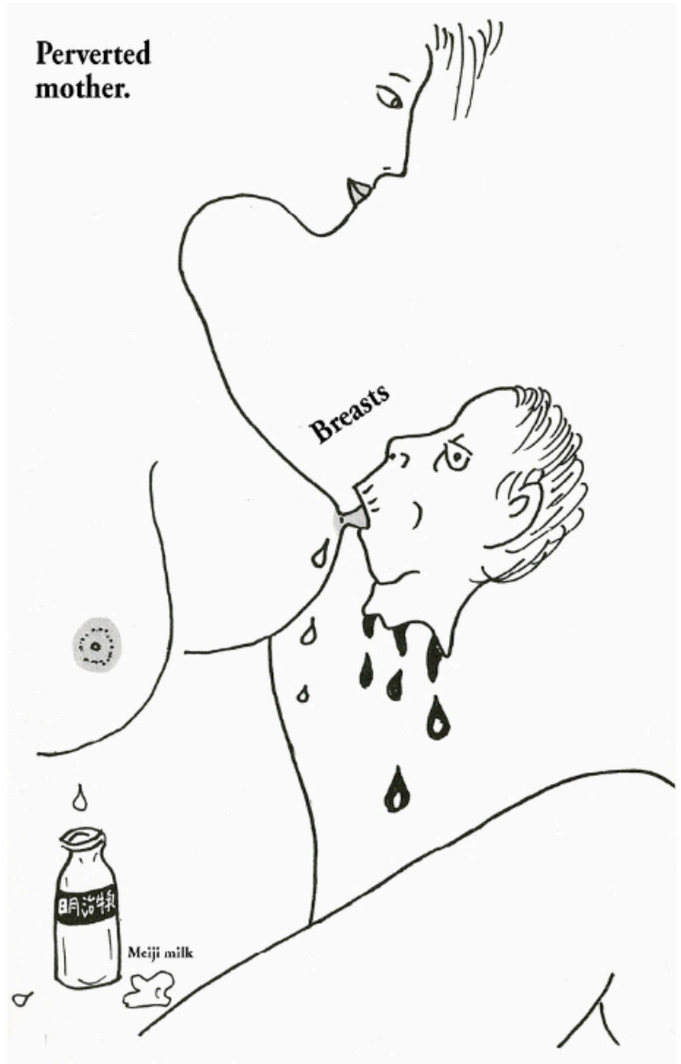
in his productions, but of course, he had not a penny and I was never paid. I was broke.

Very quickly, my father was contacted by JCB who was worried about all these sudden expenses. As I had bought the tickets in our neighborhood, the sellers immediately told my father that I had bought them and I was treated to the usual scandal. What did they do to God to have a son like that! Now, I live with them and I don't have any money left to fuck or try to eat white woman meat again. So if you want to make a nice gesture, send me some money, call it the *"meat and women operation for little Sagawa"*. Bank Tokyo-Mitsubishi, Tama Plaza Branch. Account number 0158584.

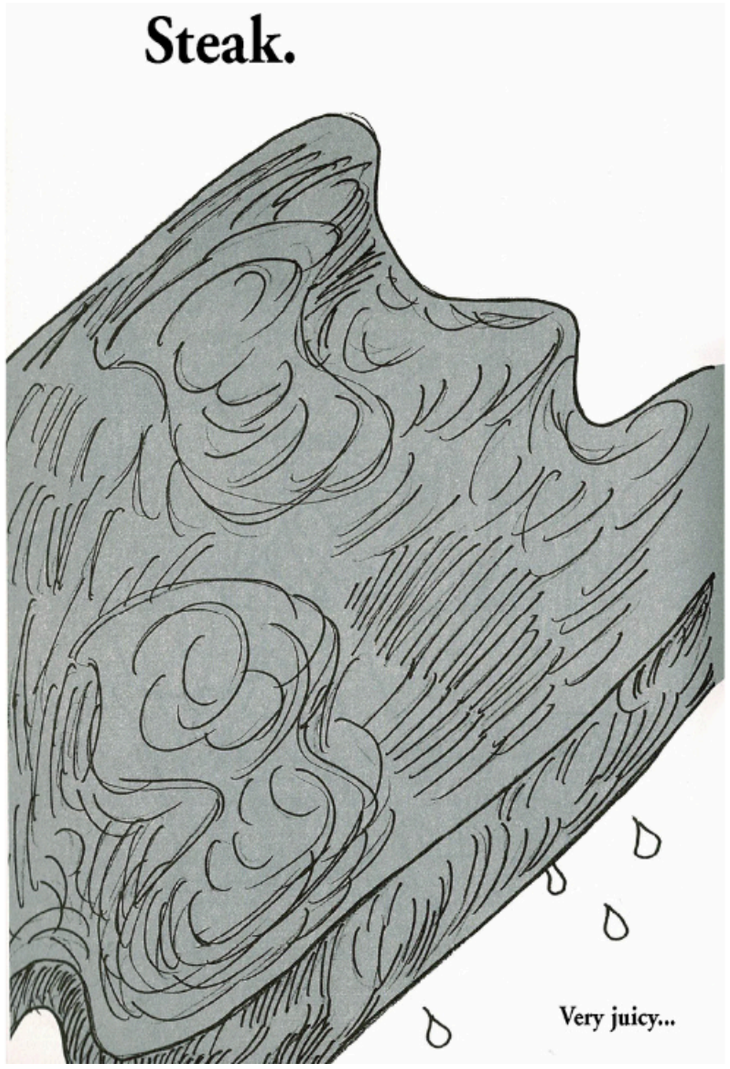


Why?

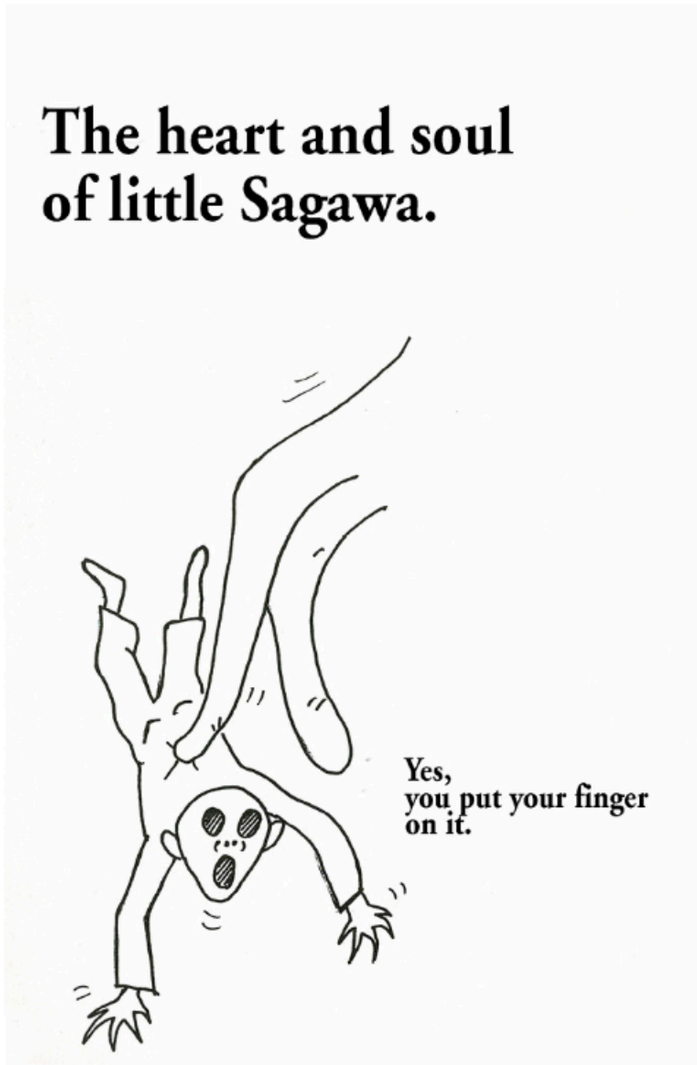

The treats
of the
little Sagawa.
Holy water.
(= urine of
white women.)

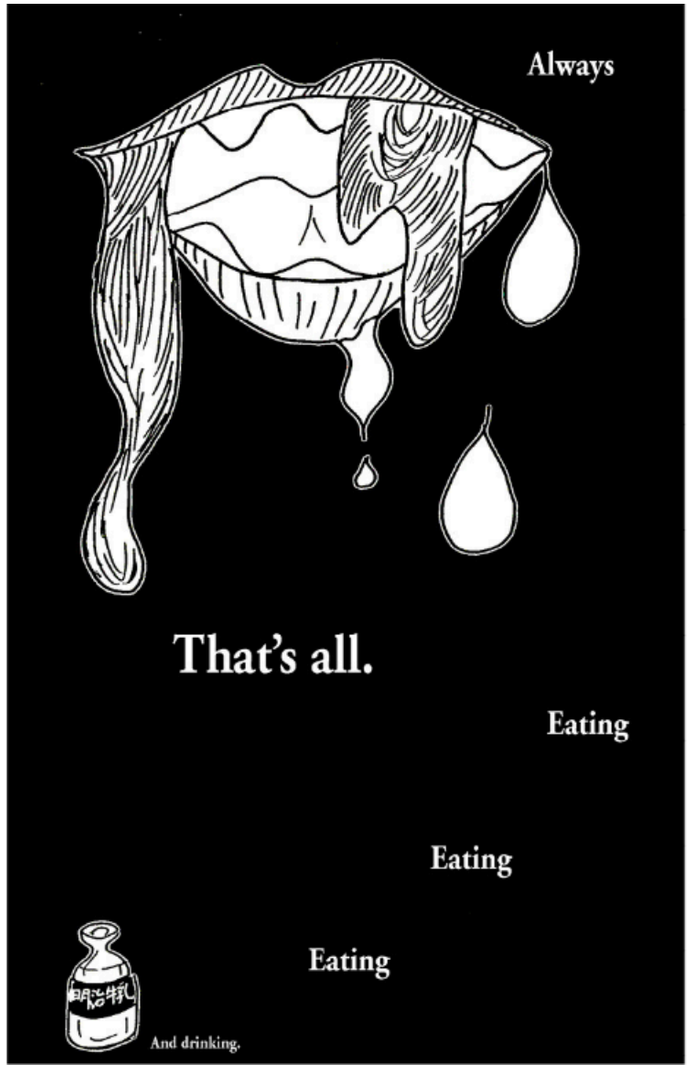

Perverted
mother.
Breasts
Meiji milk

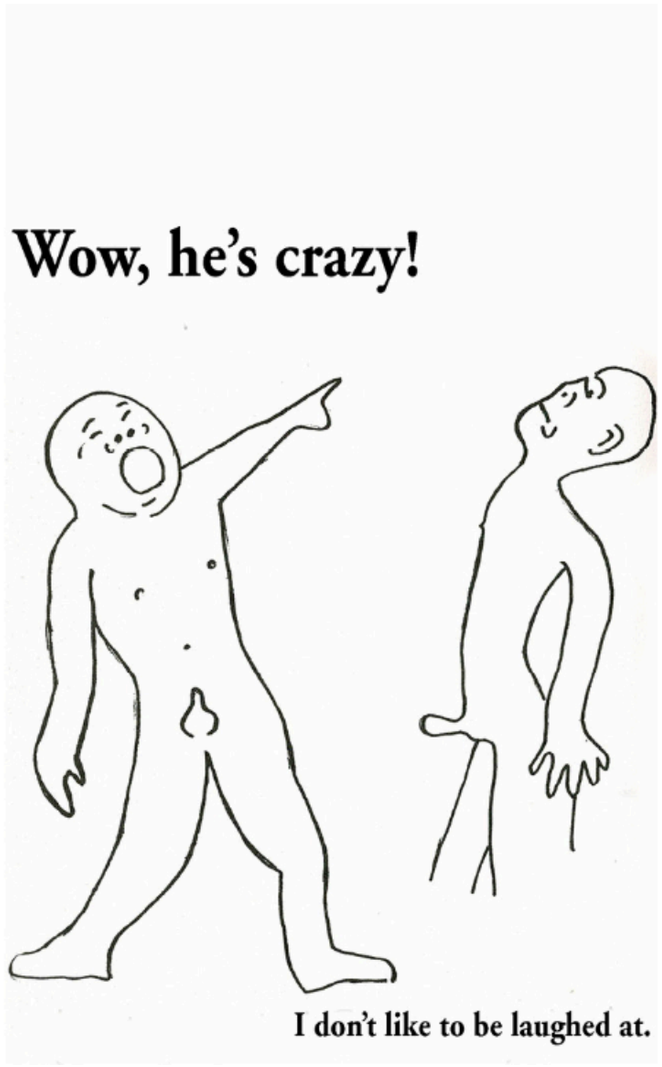
I dream of the ass of my white beauties.
Shit


Steak.
Very juicy...

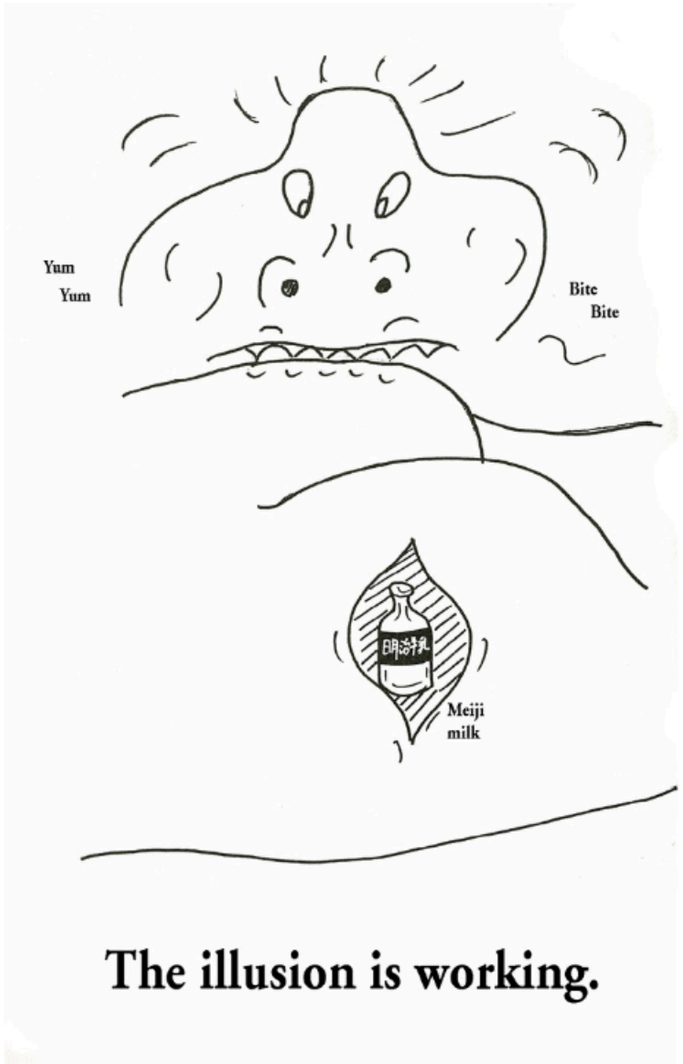
This beautiful woman
bewitches me.

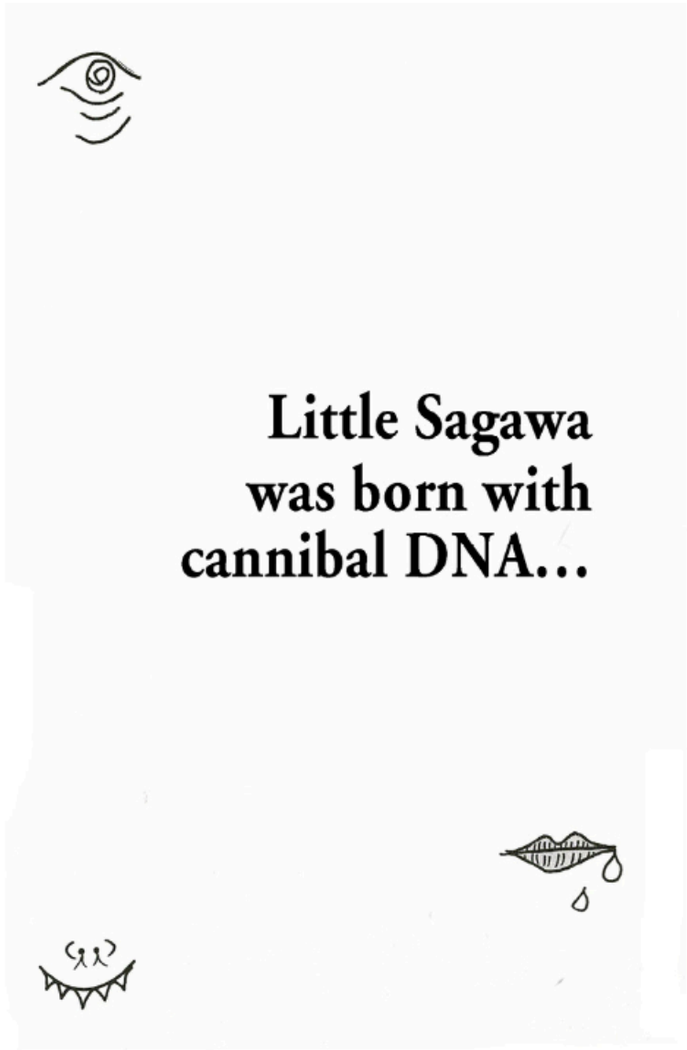

The heart and soul
of little Sagawa.
Yes,
you put your finger
on it.

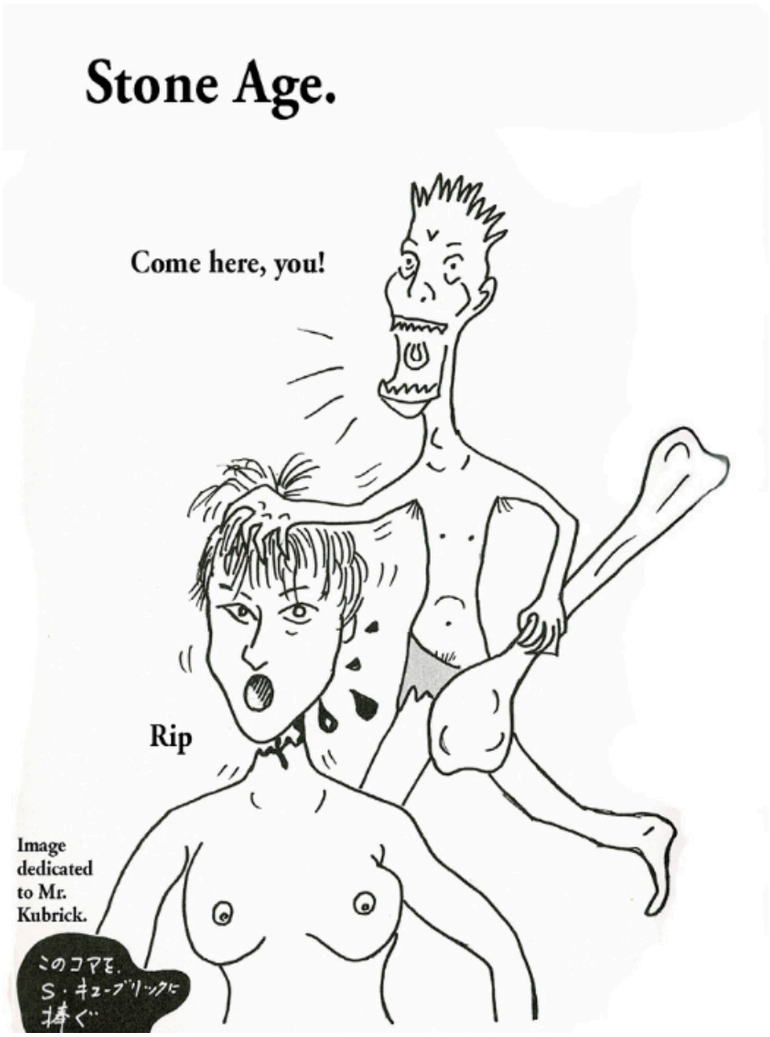

Always
That's all.
Eating
Eating
Eating
And drinking.

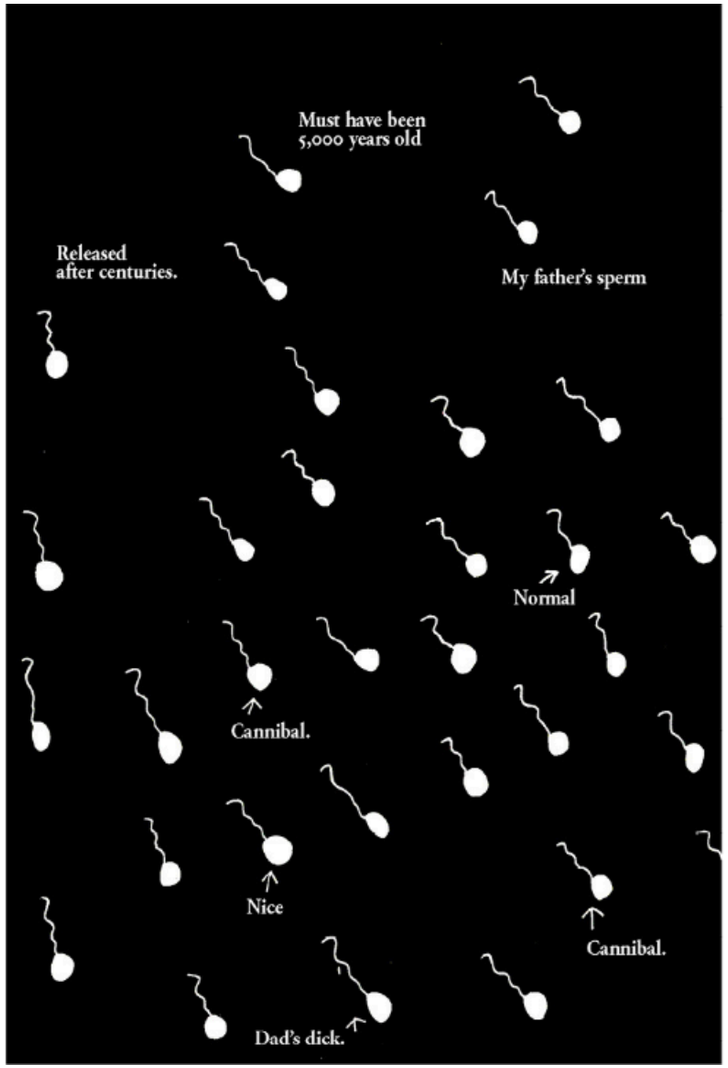

Wow, he's crazy!
I don't like to be laughed at.

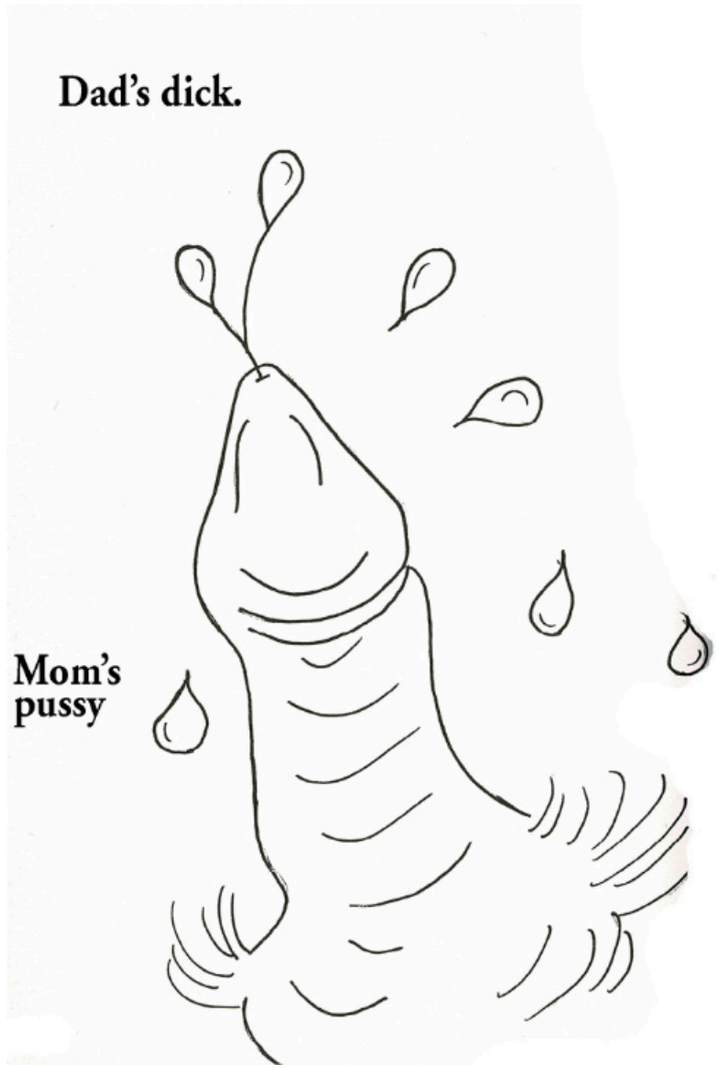
Shhh...
Do not tell anyone.

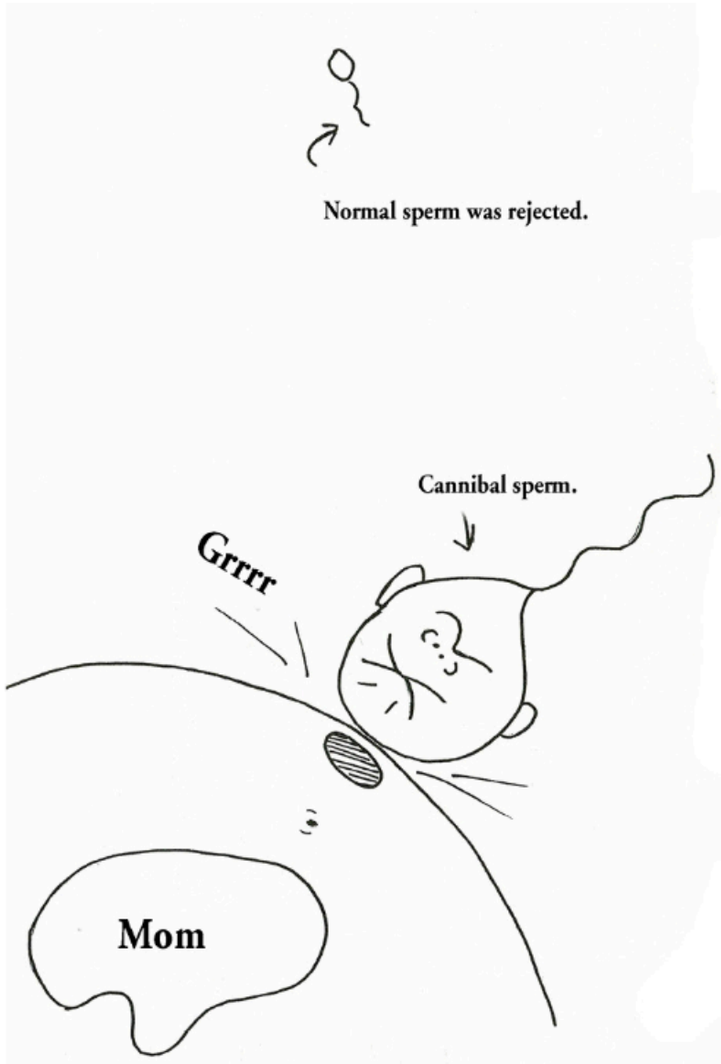

Yum
Yum
Bite
Bite
明治牛乳
Meiji
milk
The illusion is working.

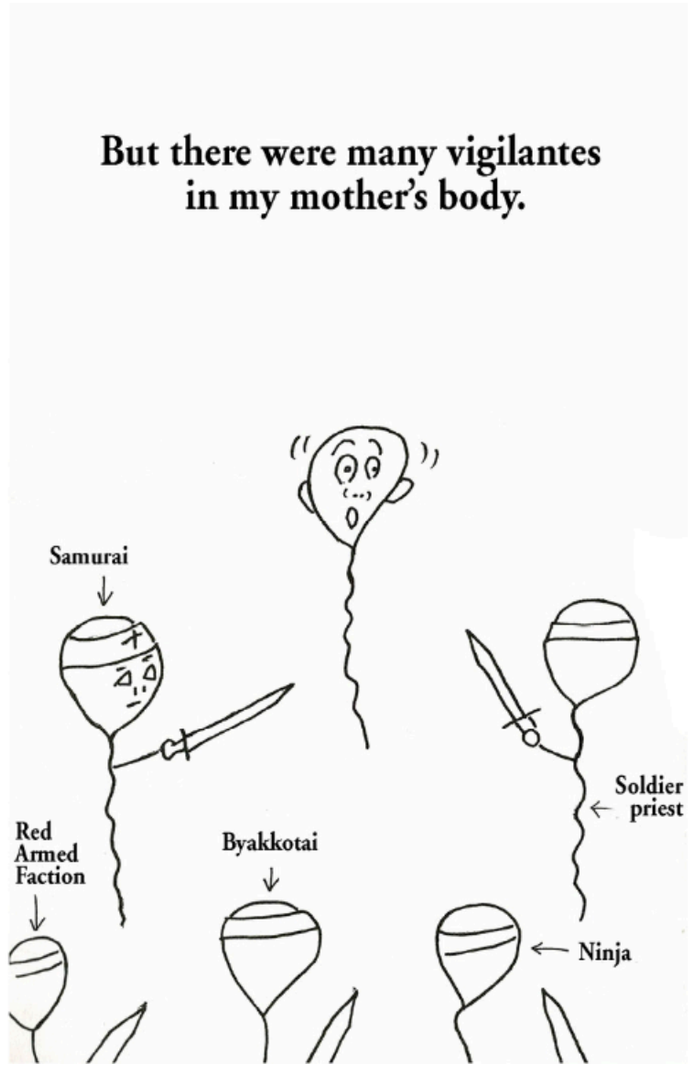

Little Sagawa
was born with
cannibal DNA...

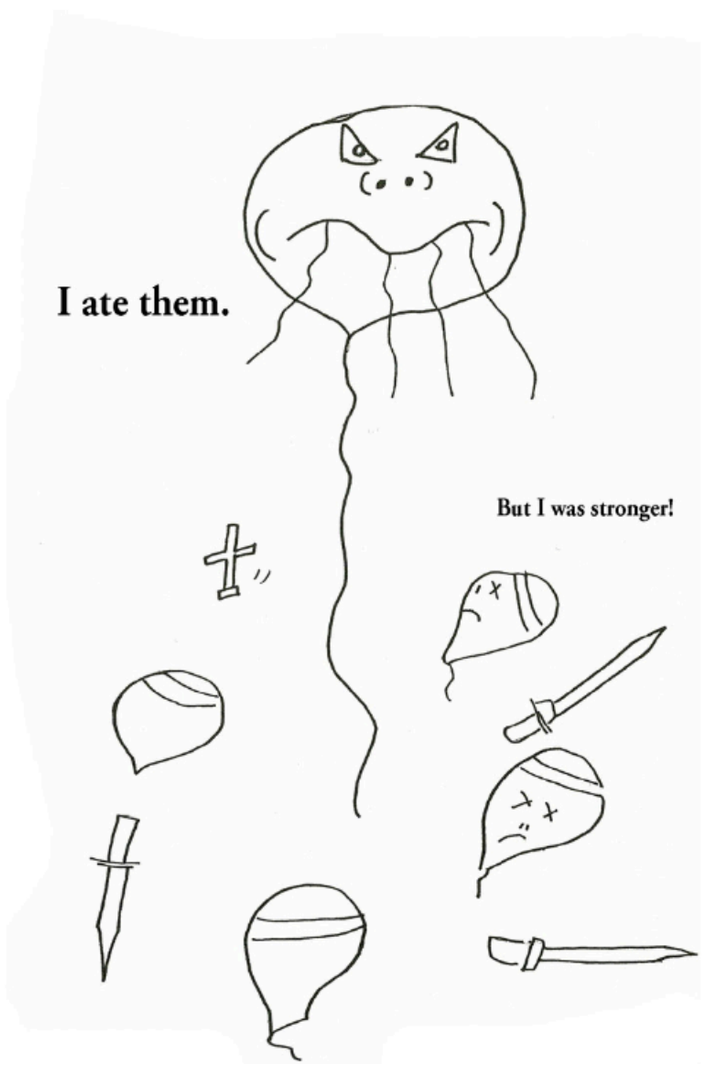

Stone Age.
Come here, you!
Rip
Image
dedicated
to Mr.
Kubrick.
このコマを、
S・キューブリックに
捧ぐ


Must have been
5,000 years old
Released
after centuries.
My father's sperm
Normal
Cannibal.
Nice
Cannibal.
Dad's dick.


Dad's dick.
Mom's
pussy

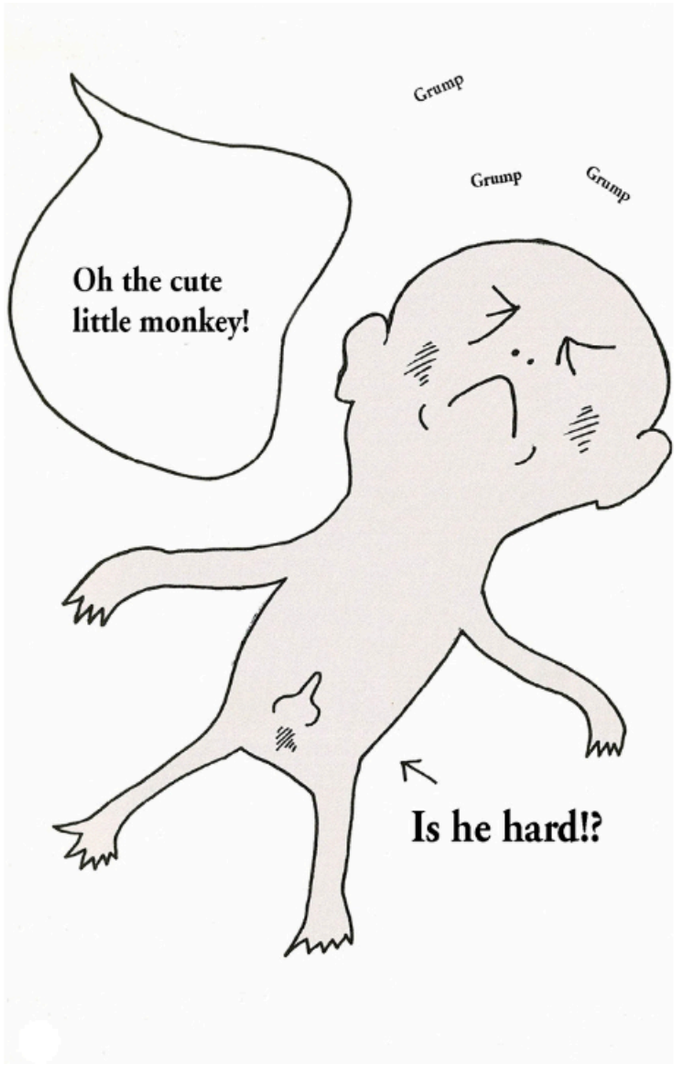

Normal sperm was rejected.
Cannibal sperm.
Grrrr
Mom

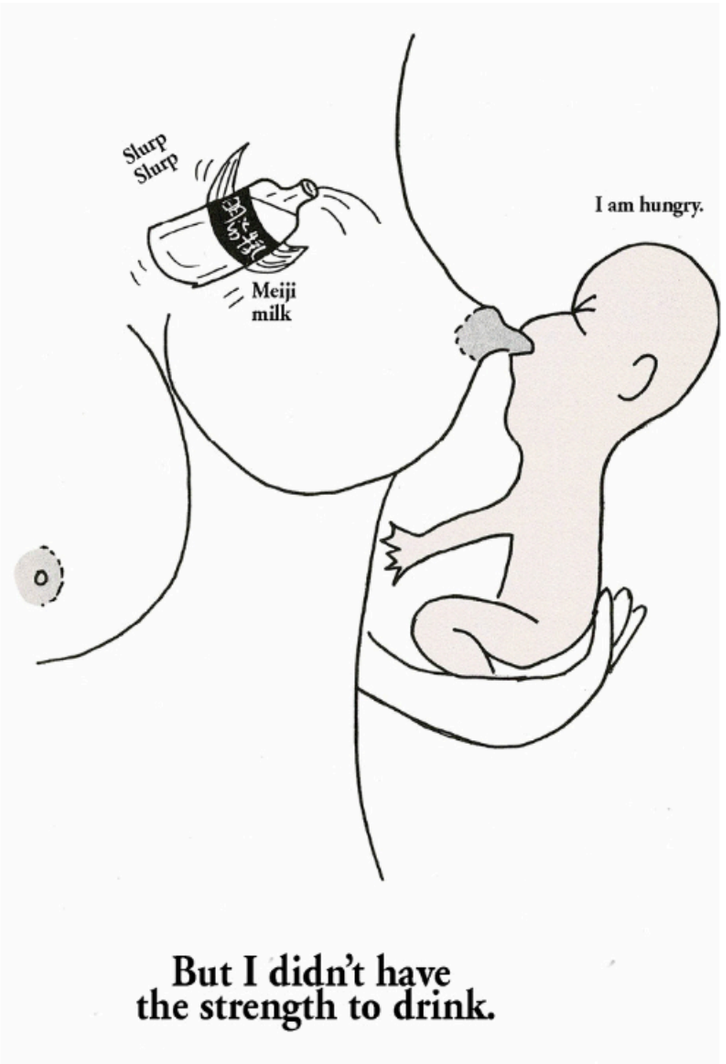

But there were many vigilantes in my mother's body.
Samurai
Red Armed Faction
Byakkotai
Soldier priest
Ninja

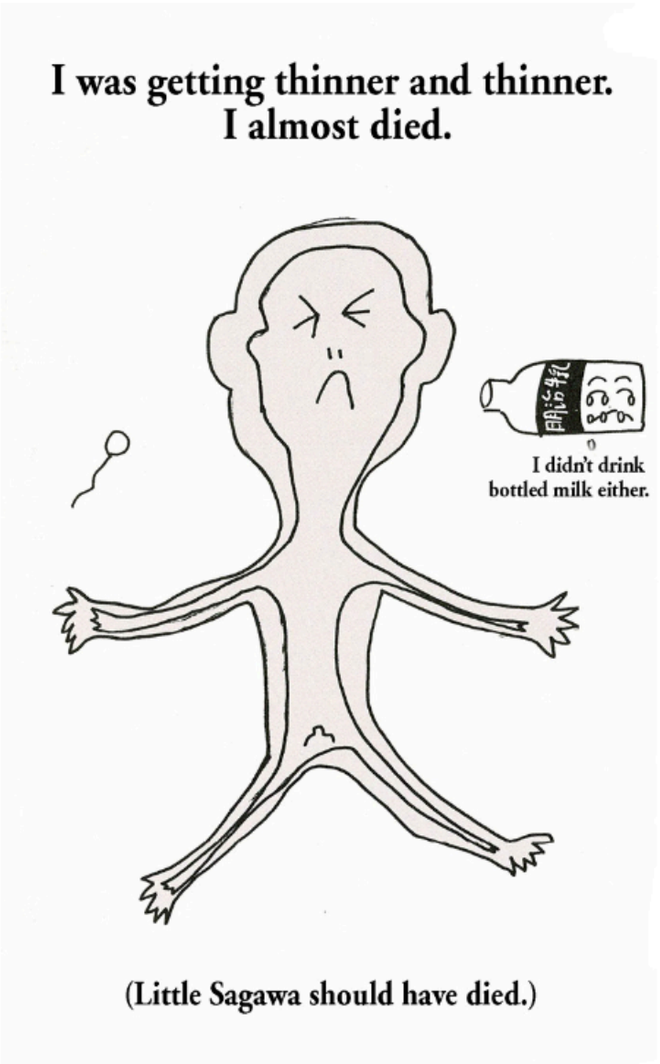

I ate them.
But I was stronger!

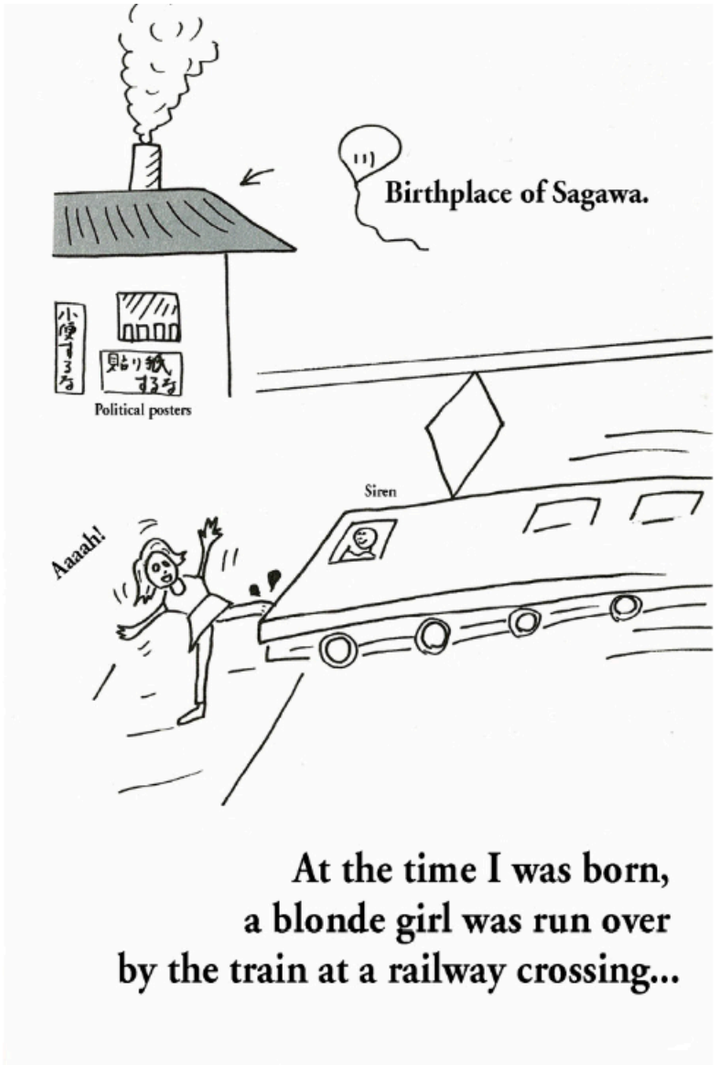
Cannibal sperm
was the strongest...

Thank you dad for your deadly sperm.
Oh, there!
A cannibal sperm.!
This magic juice allowed little Sagawa to exist.

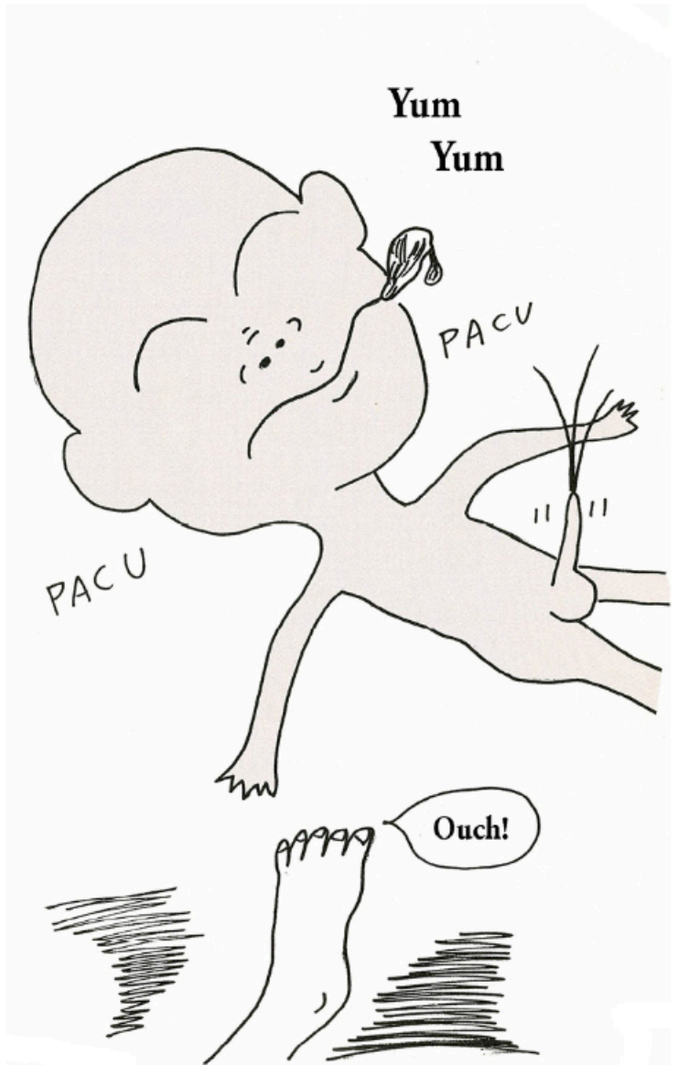

Grump
Grump
Grump
Oh the cute little monkey!
Is he hard!?

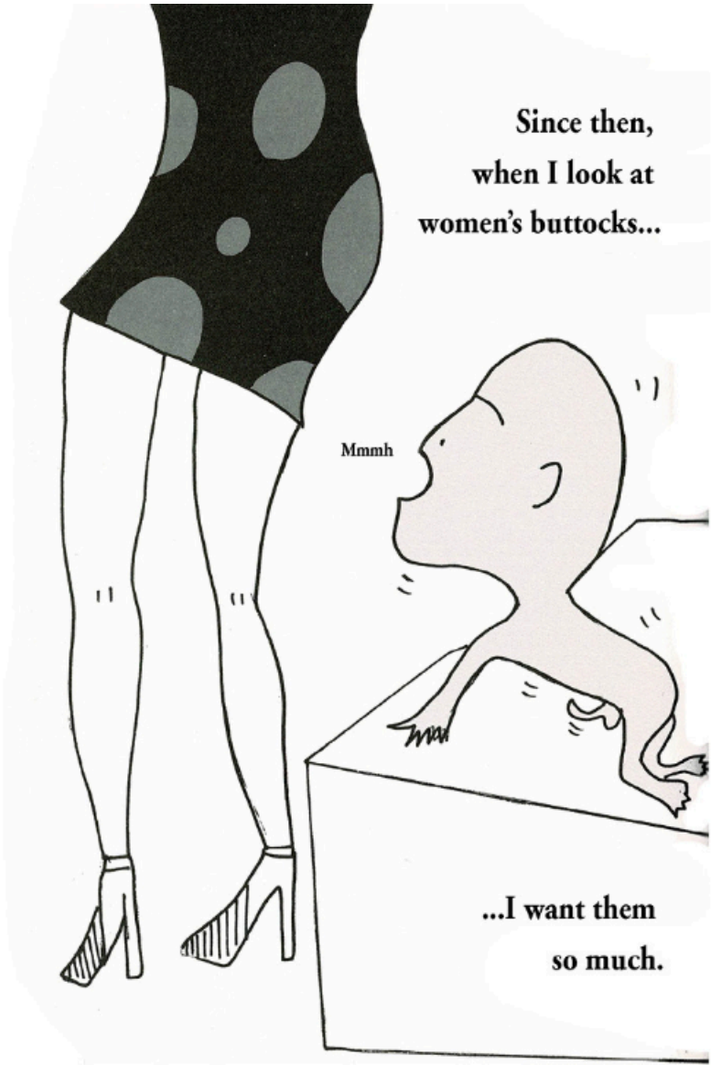

Slurp
Slurp
Meiji
milk
I am hungry.
But I didn't have
the strength to drink.

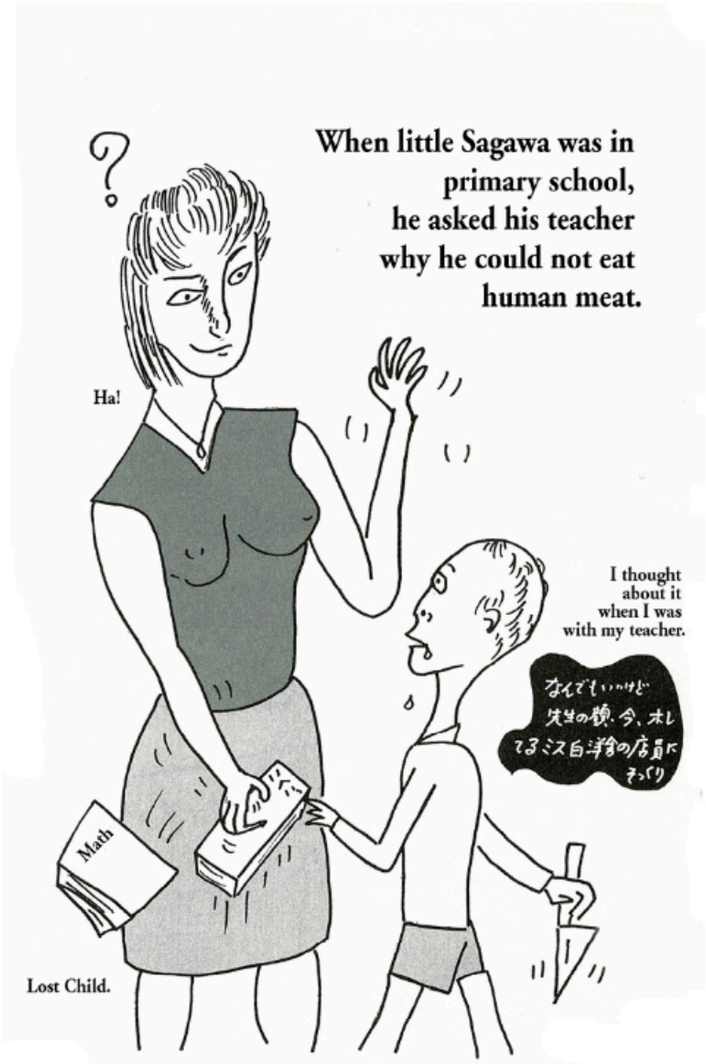

I was getting thinner and thinner.
I almost died.
I didn't drink
bottled milk either.
(Little Sagawa should have died.)

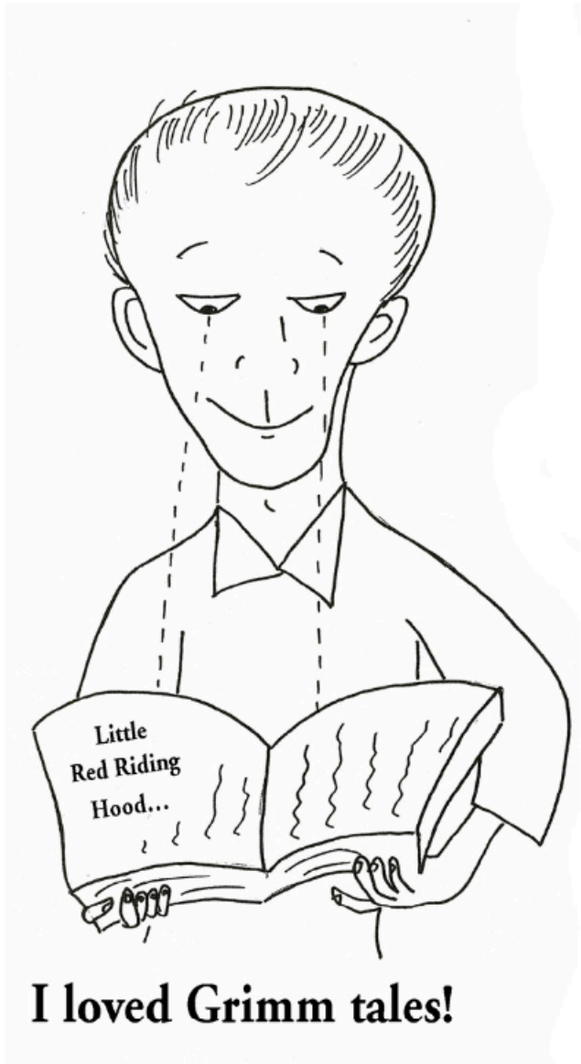

Birthplace of Sagawa.
Political posters
Siren
Aaaah!
At the time I was born,
a blonde girl was run over
by the train at a railway crossing...

One of her torn thighs
landed in my mouth.

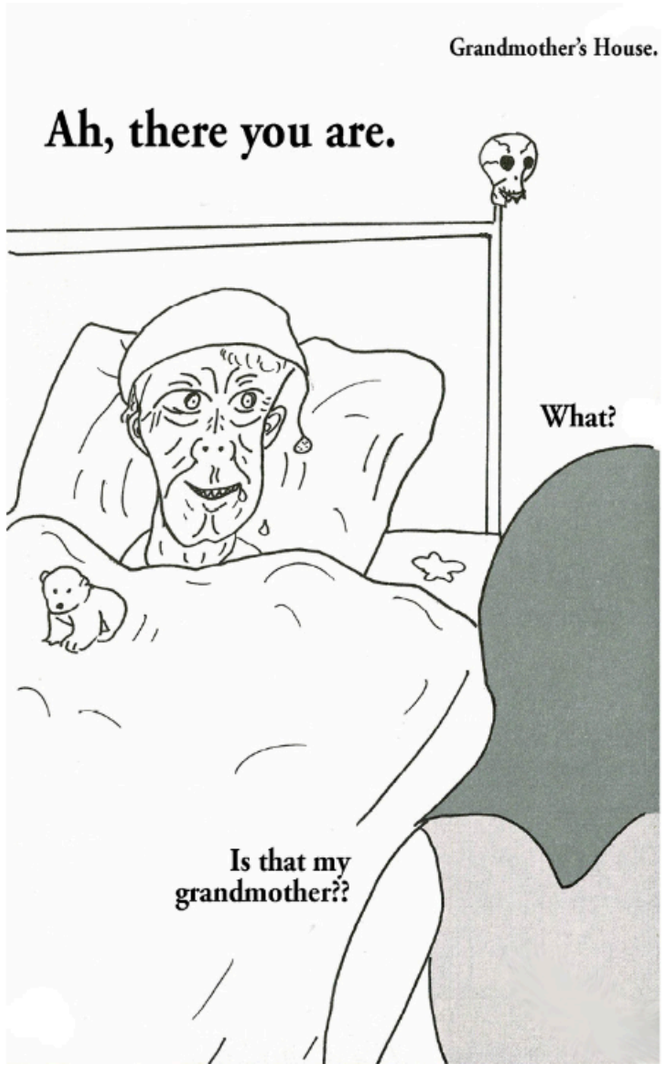

Yum
Yum
PACU
PACU
Ouch!

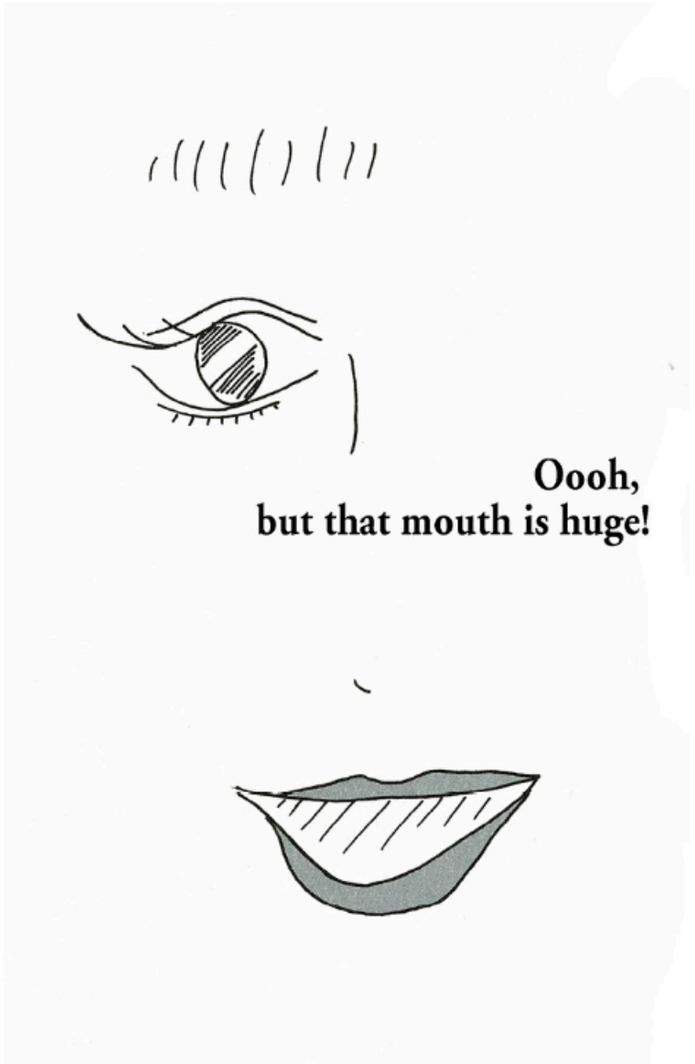

Since then,
when I look at
women's buttocks...
Mmmh
...I want them
so much.

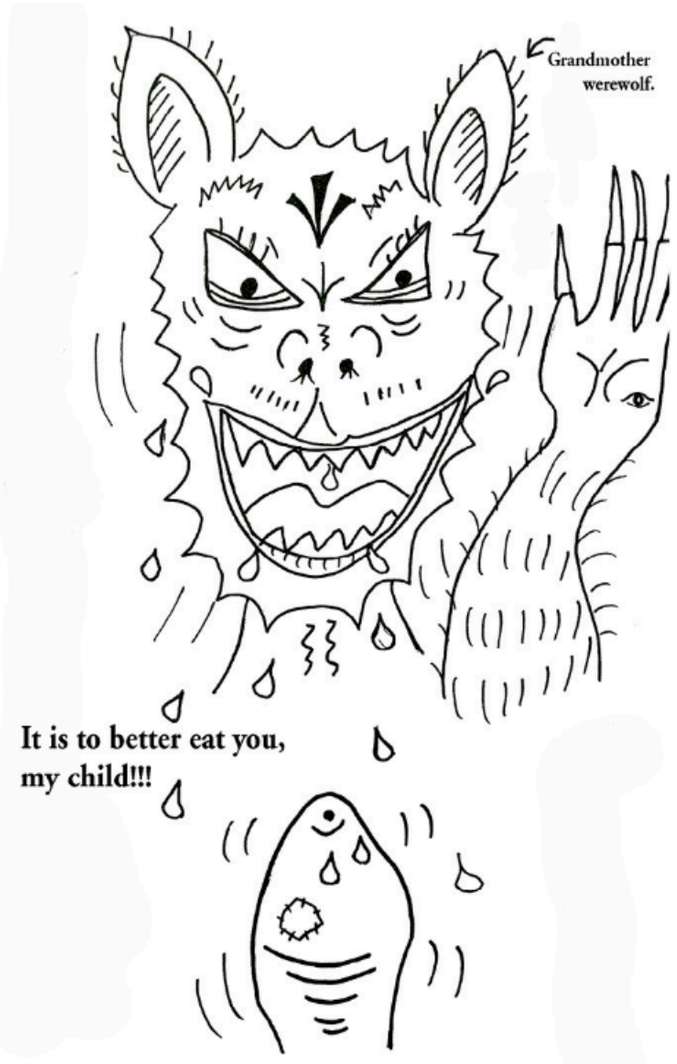

When little Sagawa was in primary school, he asked his teacher why he could not eat human meat.
Ha!
I thought about it when I was with my teacher.
なんでもいいけど 先生の顔、今、オレ てるミス白洋舎の店員に そっくり
Math
Lost Child.

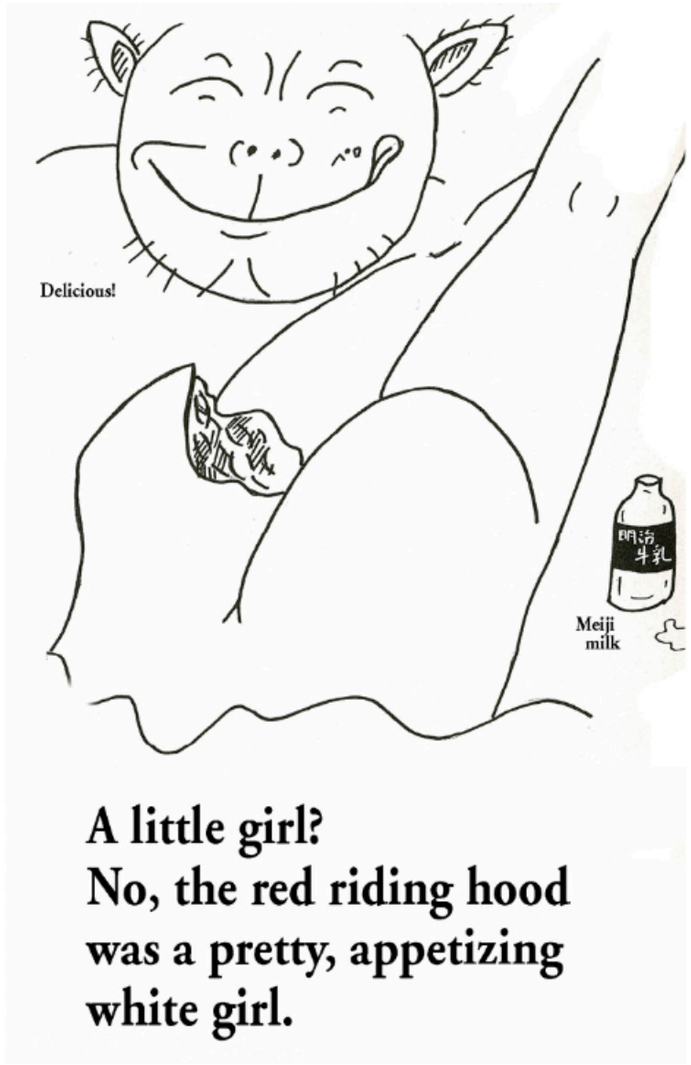

Little Red Riding Hood...
I loved Grimm tales!

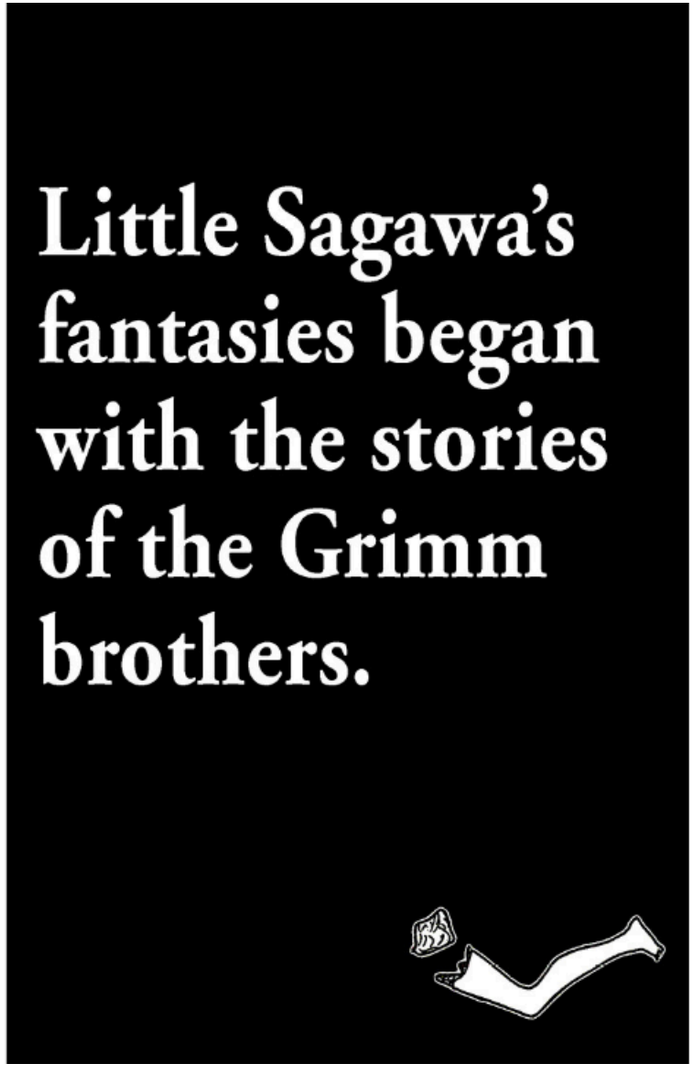
I especially liked the little red riding hood.
Meiji milk


Grandmother's House.
Ah, there you are.
What?
Is that my grandmother??


Oooh,
but that mouth is huge!

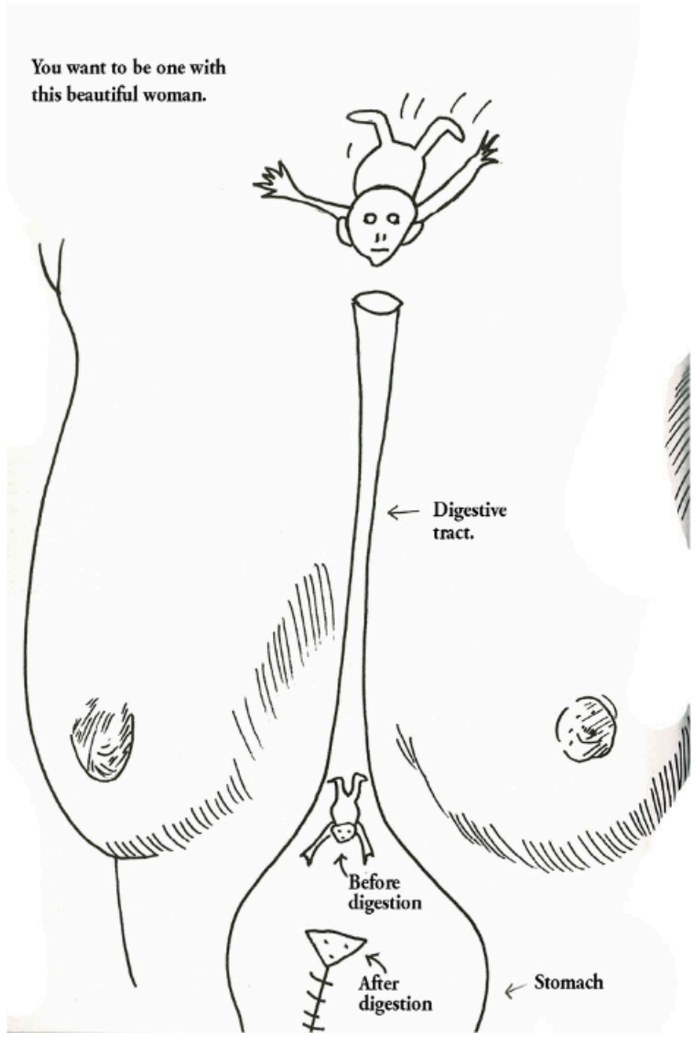

Grandmother
werewolf.
It is to better eat you,
my child!!!

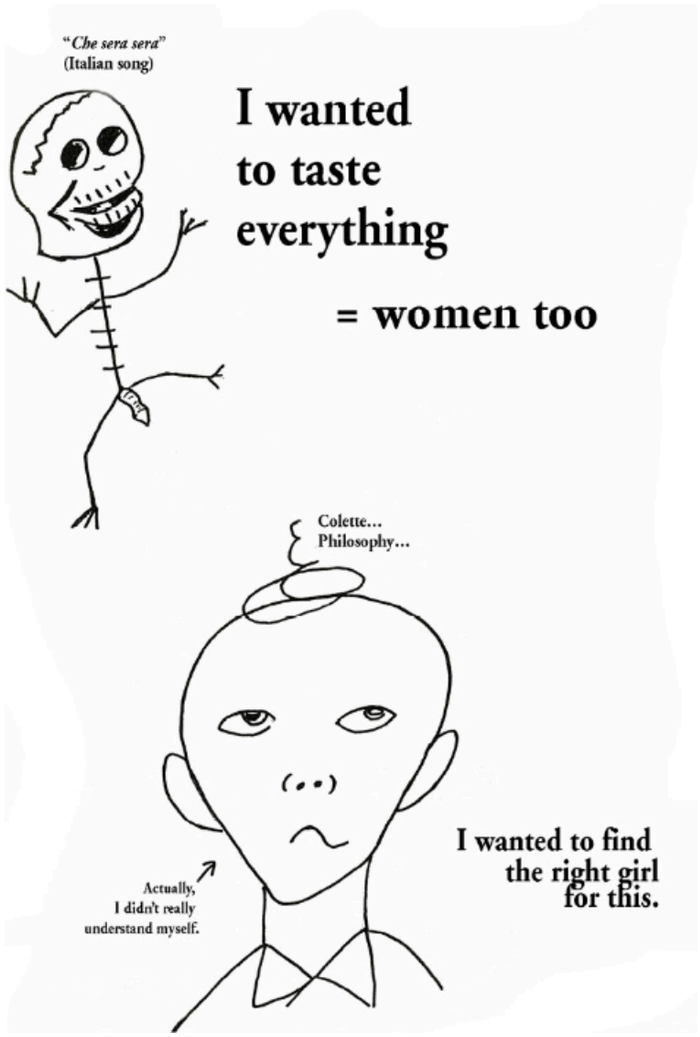

Delicious!
明治
牛乳
Meiji
milk
A little girl?
No, the red riding hood
was a pretty, appetizing
white girl.

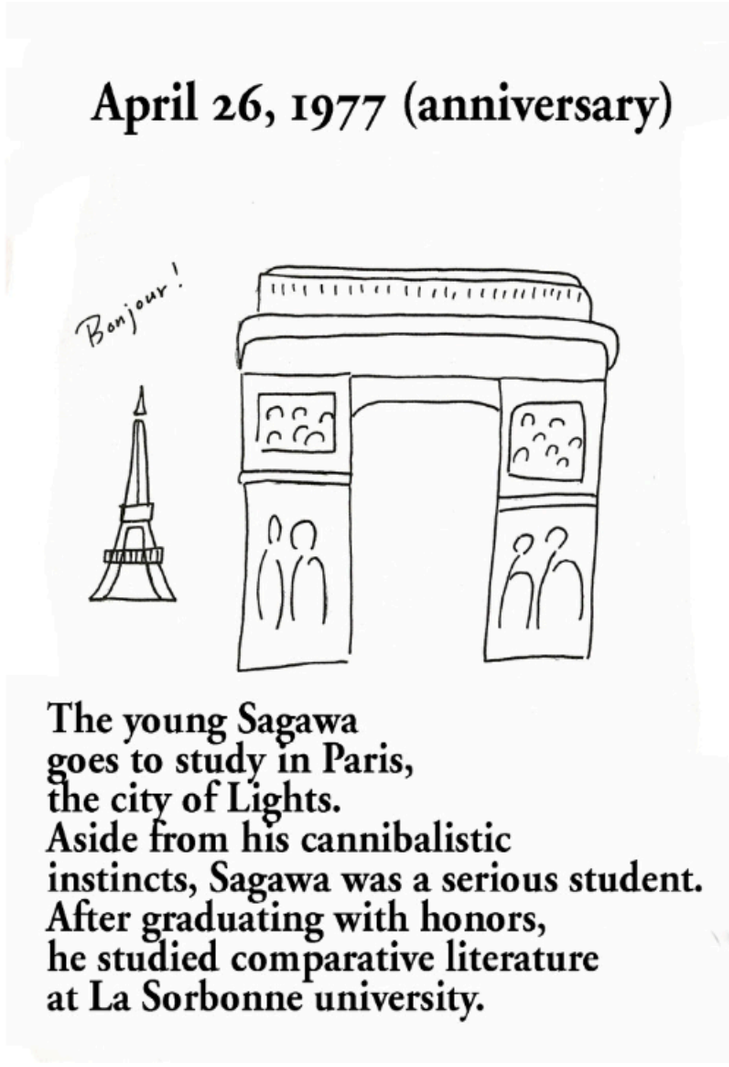

Little Sagawa's
fantasies began
with the stories
of the Grimm
brothers.

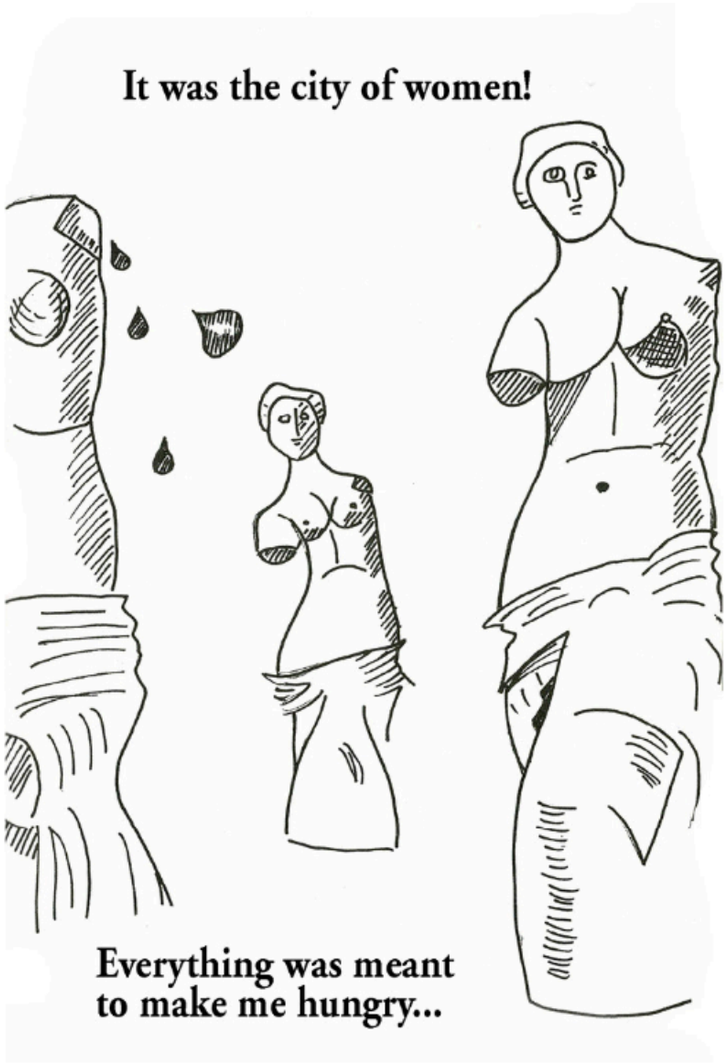
The object of my desire
materialized
into a beautiful
white woman.

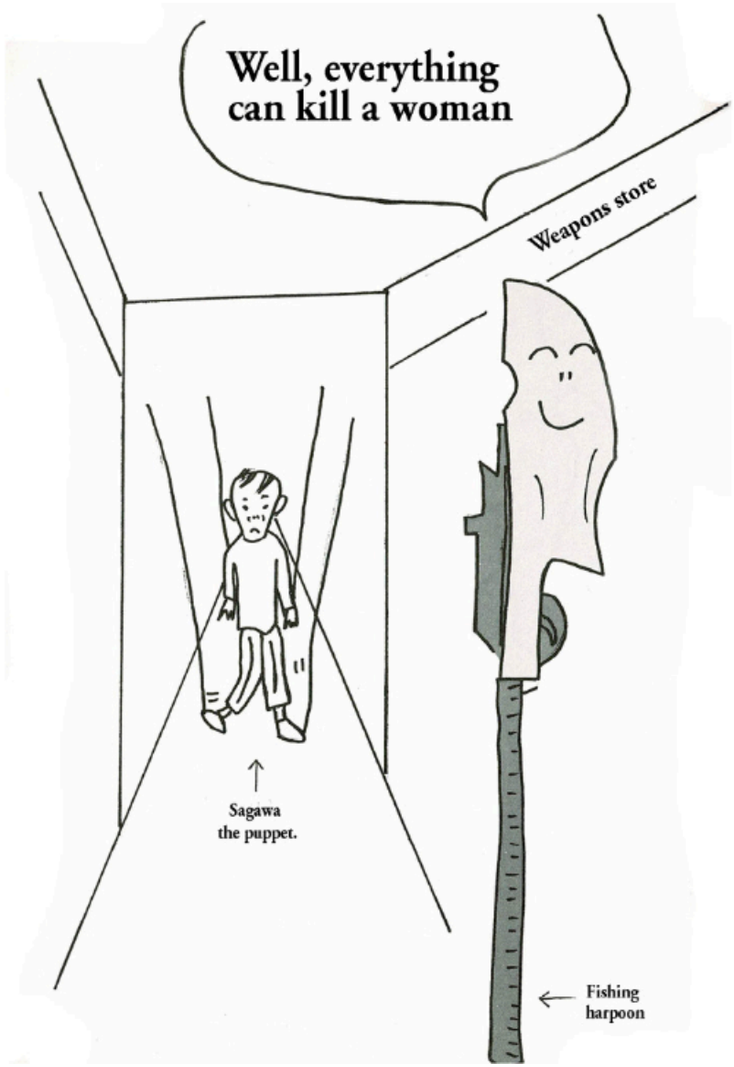
You desire this beautiful woman.

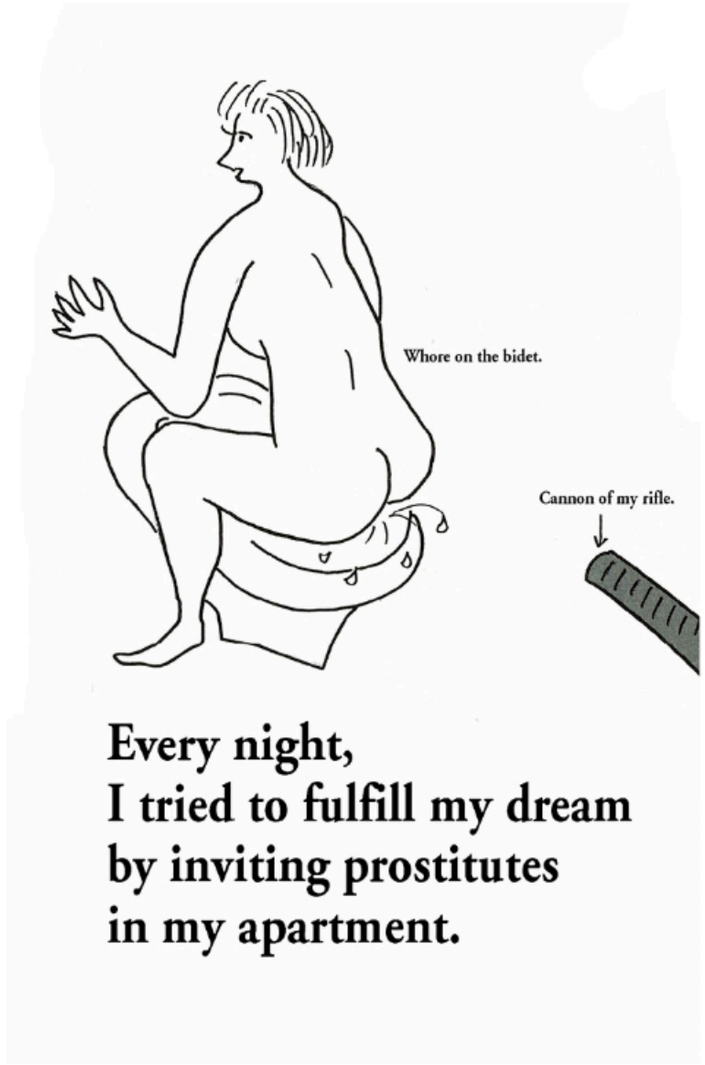

You want to be one with
this beautiful woman.
Digestive
tract.
Before
digestion
After
digestion
Stomach

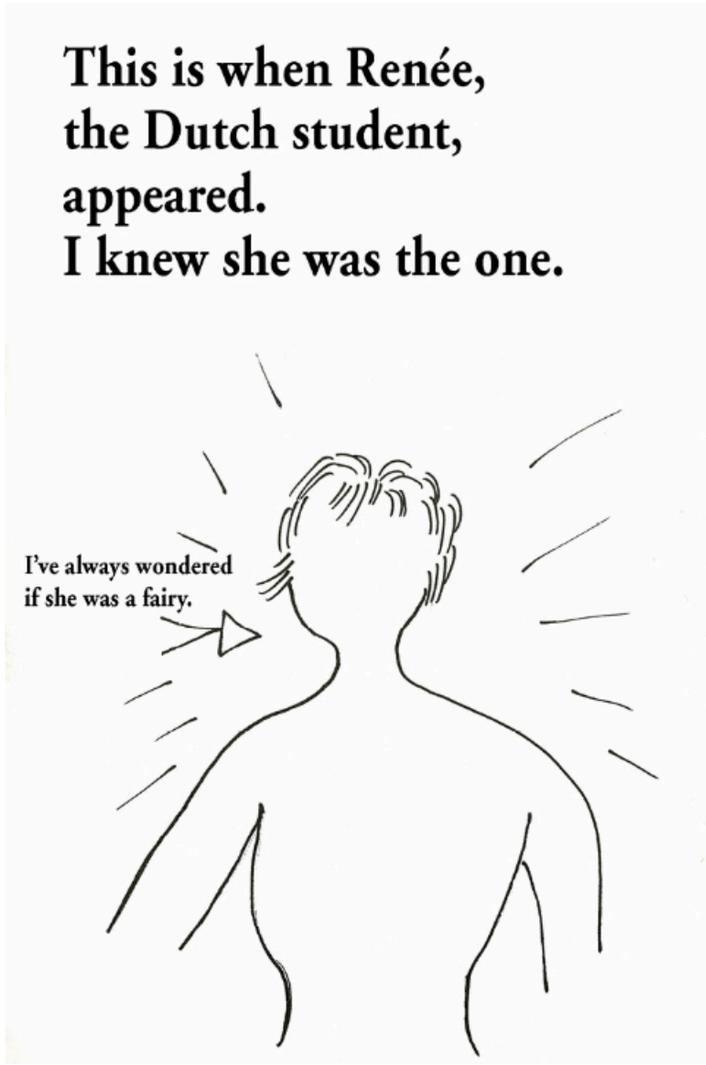

"Che sera sera"
(Italian song)
I wanted
to taste
everything
= women too
Colette...
Philosophy...
Actually,
I didn't really
understand myself.
I wanted to find
the right girl
for this.


April 26, 1977 (anniversary)
Bonjour!
The young Sagawa
goes to study in Paris,
the city of Lights.
Aside from his cannibalistic
instincts, Sagawa was a serious student.
After graduating with honors,
he studied comparative literature
at La Sorbonne university.

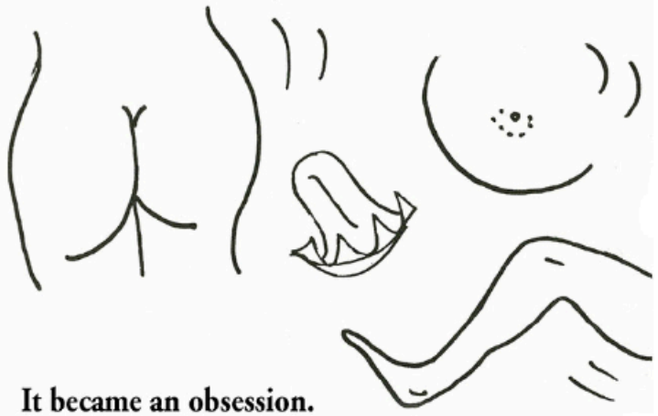

It was the city of women!
Everything was meant to make me hungry...


Well, everything can kill a woman
Weapons store
Sagawa the puppet.
Fishing harpoon


Whore on the bidet.
Cannon of my rifle.
Every night,
I tried to fulfill my dream
by inviting prostitutes
in my apartment.


This is when Renée,
the Dutch student,
appeared.
I knew she was the one.
I've always wondered
if she was a fairy.

I want to eat Renée!
I want to eat Renée!!



It became an obsession.

That's when everything changed.

(The end.)

The hand of god.

Interview with Takashi Nemoto

Sagawa: The feeling when I was drawing my fantasies was amazing.

Nemoto: What kind of relationship did you have with manga?

Sagawa: My family was very strict. So I read a lot of books but no manga, my parents were against them. I didn't buy magazines like all my friends. But I still tried to draw some in secret, and I found it exciting, I liked it. I loved Disney movies and watched them all the time, I was a big fan of Sazae-san too (it's an old family anime)... (Laughter). At school, I learned painting and I admit that I preferred it to manga even if I really wanted to draw some too...

Nemoto: Yes, but painting and manga are totally different arts (laughs)

Sagawa: Yes, when I paint, I just want to show reality, my reality.

Nemoto: But the manga you drew is based on one of your paintings, right?

Sagawa: Yes, I drew Renée's body and painted it. For me, the body of women is the most important subject in the world. I wanted to see, paint and glorify the bodies of white women. I am fascinated by these women and I despise these pig producers who use them for their disgusting porn movies. I wanted to pay them a real tribute in this manga. Ah, and I love plump bodies more and more (laughs) But you taught me this art, dear master.

Nemoto: Not cheap friend, I just taught you to use a felt pen.

Sagawa: But no, not at all, I was always thinking about you while I was drawing.

Nemoto: Too flattered. Well, I hope that helped you a bit.

Sagawa: The faces and characters in my drawings are very stereotyped, the faces you draw are really original and strong. Your universe is surreal and awesome, mine is very down to earth.

Nemoto: I think it's Sagawa's life that is surreal (laughs). I think that your art is unique and transports us to a fascinating universe, we must continue, I strongly encourage you.

Sagawa: I guess it's because I'm talking about my own case, my fantasies and my murder. It gives special strength to my art. The excitement of drawing my twisted fantasies was incredible. What fueled my cannibalistic desires were the Grimm tales I read as a child. That's why I included the story of Little Red Riding Hood in my manga, I really wanted to pay tribute to those evil brothers who made me the man I am today (laughs).
I was able to draw all this thanks to the energy of despair.

Nemoto: Yes, I understand, but this morning on TV, Araki Shingô said that a work must be full of imagination and dream, not attached to reality. (Laughter)

Sagawa: Haha, he's a jerk. Criminals are real, sometimes they just lie (laughs). When I started this manga, I just wanted to draw my fantasies and explain them to the world. Murder is an art form and I have a lot of respect for some of them who make their murders as interesting a conceptual work as a painting. That's what I want to show.
I felt like someone was constantly looking at me, maybe a look-alike, another me, a ghost on my shoulder. We always talk about the schizophrenia of murderers, but all murderers have a dual personality. Anyway, I'm more sensitive to images than words.

Nemoto: I see... The eyes are very important in your manga, they stare at us, they judge us. Did you want to destabilize the reader, to immerse him in him? What did the editor think?

Sagawa: Haha, I think there's more penis than eyes in my manga. It's not very realistic. I'm not very good at drawing, so putting dicks everywhere helps me get my emotions across. When I'm excited, the penis in my drawings rises, when I'm depressed, it goes down. It is the strength of the penis to have a lot of expressions. The vagina has none, it is sad and inexpressive.

Nemoto: (Laughter) So yes, so you're very expressive.

Sagawa: I quickly realized that manga was a great way to express pathos, much more than writing, it's hard to put all these emotions in one sentence. And it became like a drug to me, even when tired I was drawing. But I think you know more than anyone else what I want to talk about.

Nemoto: That's exactly it. And when I draw, I find that I can convey emotions that classic mangakas cannot express. If you studied in an art or manga school, you can't.

Sagawa: Why is that?

Nemoto: Because I am not locked in an academic straitjacket.

Sagawa: I'm free too. When I had to deal with the violence of society and face my demons, when I lost my friends and family, when I experienced the degradation, I was confronted with mine and I knew how to draw it, I had lost those stupid blinders like pride or ambition. An art school teacher can't even draw his own dick (laughs).

Nemoto: If you sublimate Sagawa's unconscious, it becomes great art.

Sagawa: One of the things you've been able to tell me that has left a mark on me is to dig deeper into myself to open up new narrative perspectives. It is thanks to you that I was able to write this manga, and even my other books, daring to be who I really am by not caring about the opinions of others. I have destroyed the boundaries between the real

and the imaginary in my stories because I myself do not know where I stand.

Nemoto: That's right, once you intuitively grasp what's in you, you can put it on paper and touch people.

Sagawa: Takaaki Yoshimoto said about me, Sagawa is quite normal if we talk about his "conscious self", it is on his "unconscious self" that he is abnormal and deviant.

Nemoto: Ah!?

Sagawa: He's right, to reach the greatest number, I have to continue to explore my subconscious and exploit my fantasies and my experience. Some people tell me that if I am truly myself in my artistic and literary productions, I could touch the whole world and even become a great author. I believe my mind contains all the secrets of the universe.

Nemoto: If you do this, your work will join that of the great.

Sagawa: The unconscious is the gateway to the universe, like the deep forest in Grimm's tales, that's where monsters live. That's why it fascinates me so much.

Nemoto: Your unconscious and your consciousness must be full of monsters, yes (laughs)

Sagawa: Like all artists, and I'm an artist, you either go crazy or you die. Life is directed by the hand of God, he puts us on track and controls our destiny, for the rest, it is in us, between our consciousness and our unconscious.

Epilogue

Am I an outlaw? I killed and ate a human, so yes... But deep down, I think I'm a good person. I am polite and kind to people, I had a good education. So what made me a criminal? I believe it is a great loneliness, feeling like a zero. I was trapped in a large dark glacier populated by demons. I was afraid of this loneliness. So I found my way in my

fantasies, my love for white women, and that of their meat. We are entering the 21st century and crimes are on the rise, this century will be criminal as was the 20th and I have nothing to do with it, such is the nature of men. I was just a saving archangel walking through the black earth.

Issei Sagawa,
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